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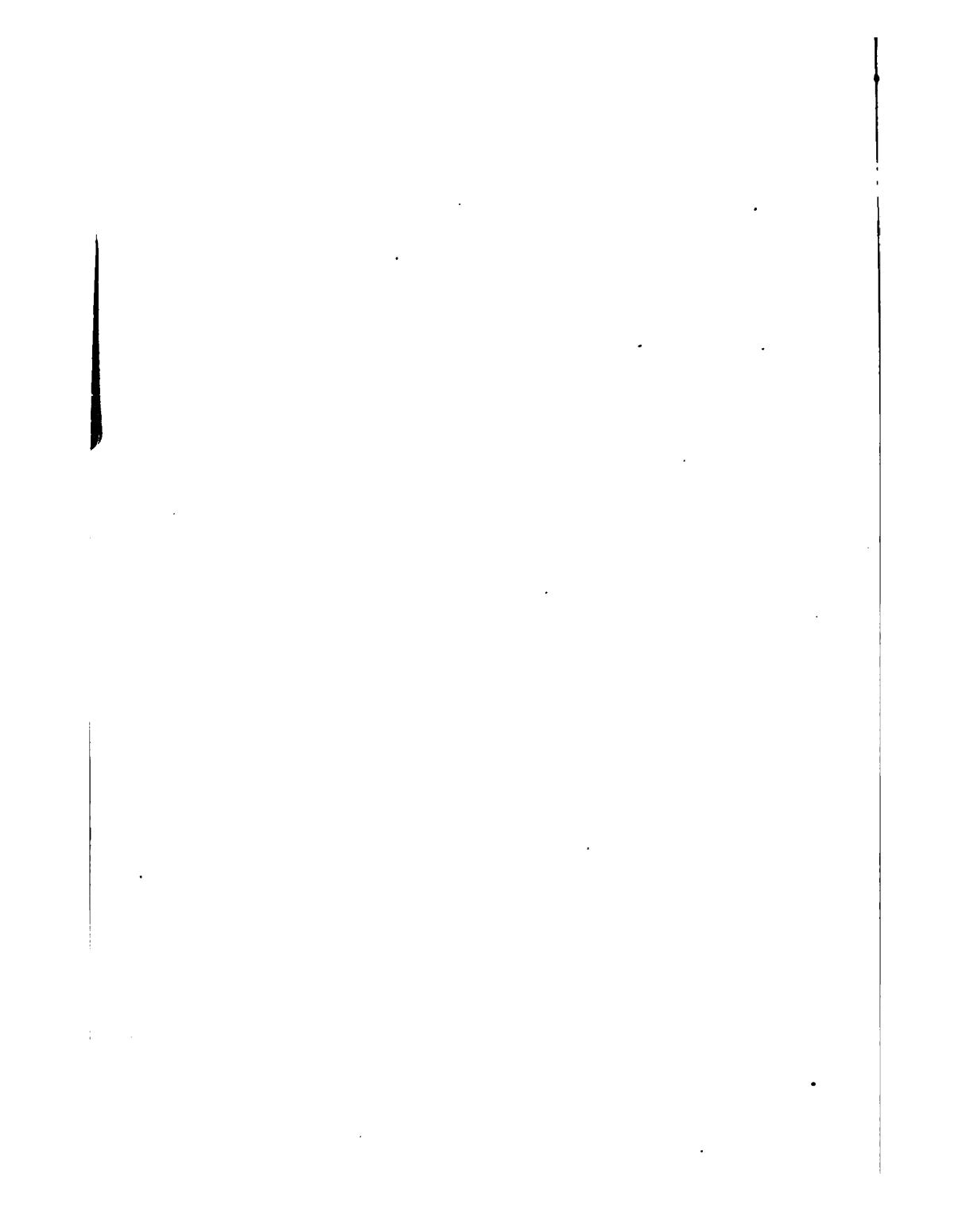
ENGLISH SONGS
FROM
FOREIGN TONGUES.
F.W.RICORD.

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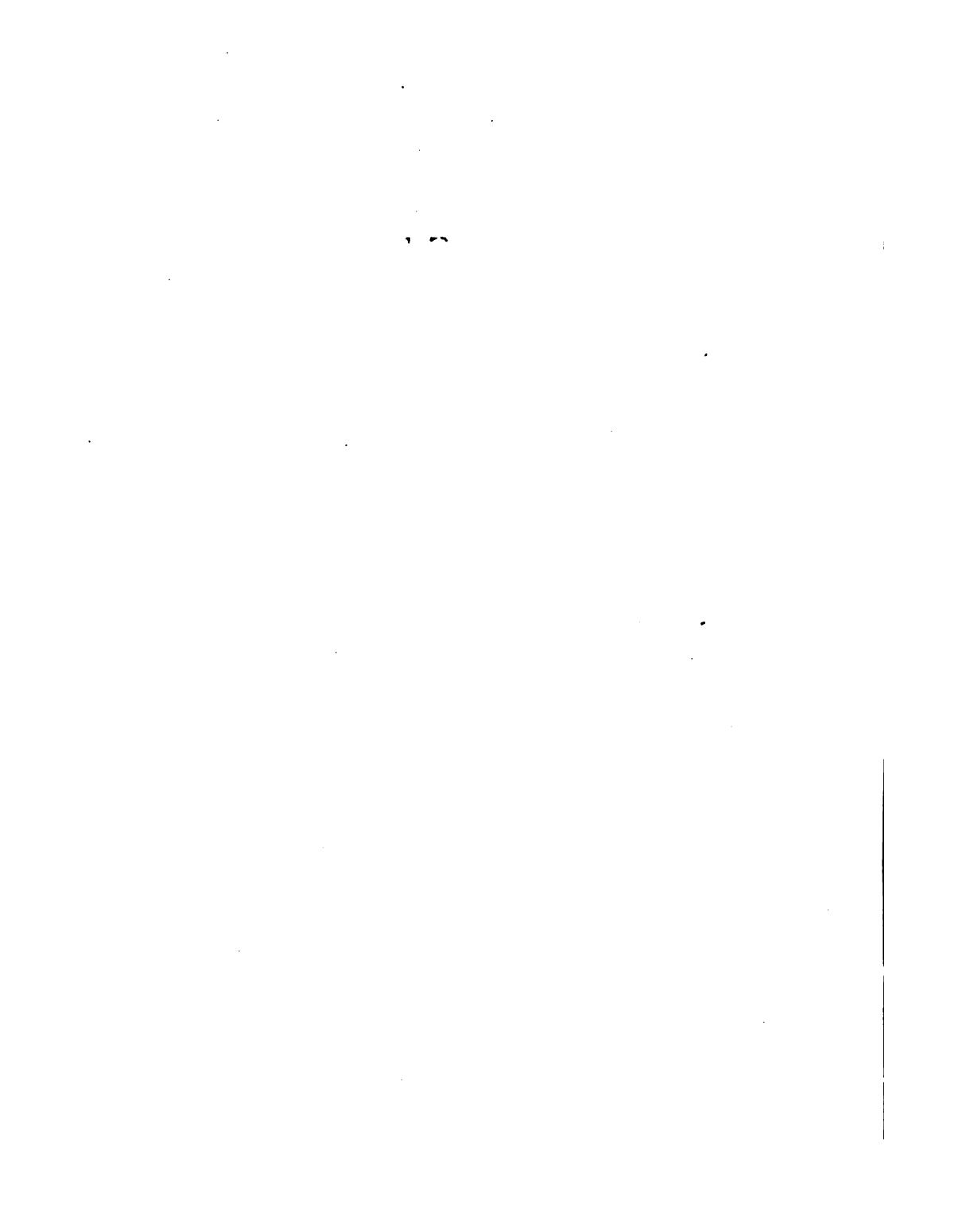




ENGLISH SONGS

FROM

FOREIGN TONGUES.



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ENGLISH SONGS

FROM

FOREIGN TONGUES

BY
FREDERICK W. RICORD

NEWARK, N. J.
MARTIN R. DENNIS & CO.

1879

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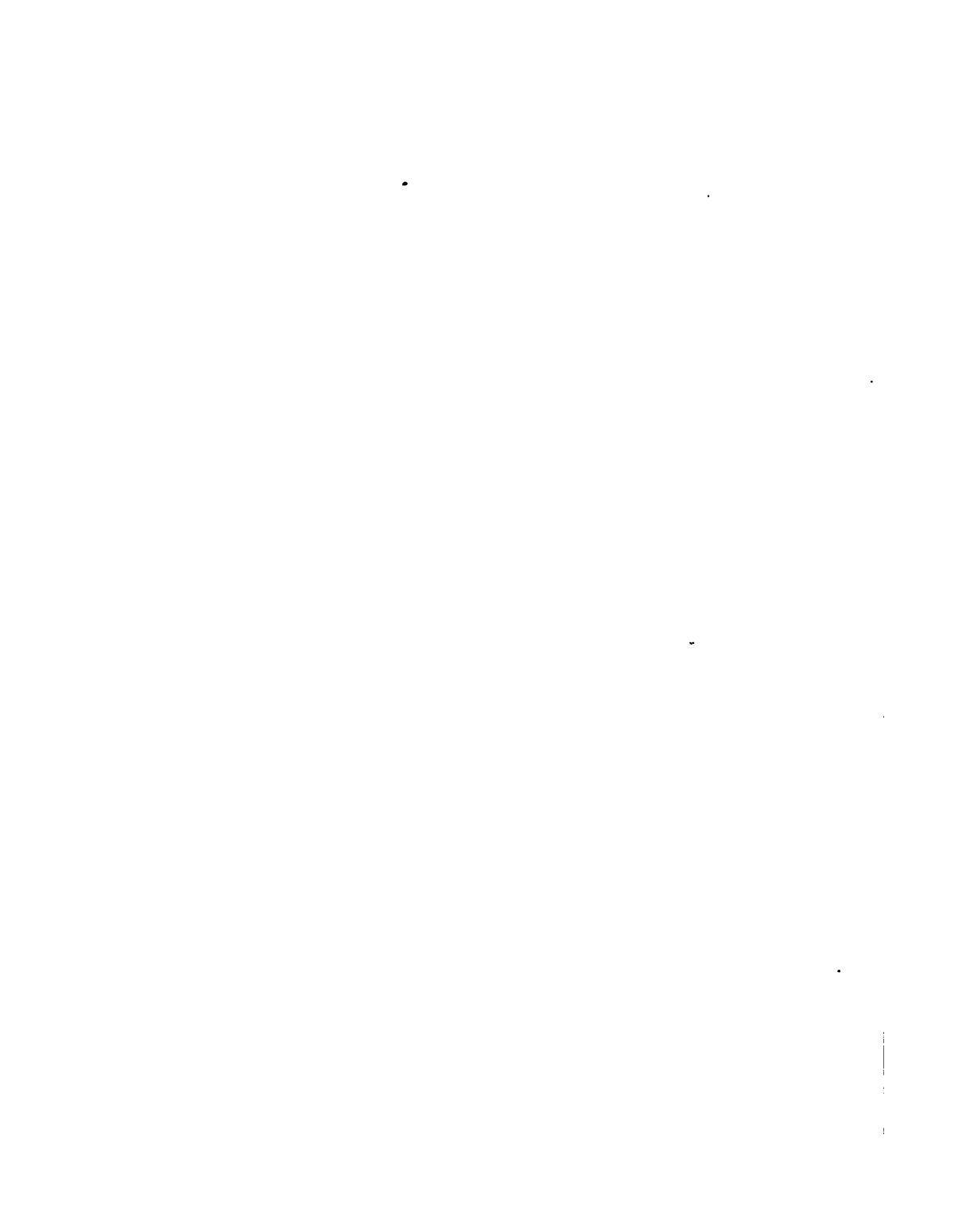
AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS FINE SCHOLARSHIP

AND AS A TOKEN OF THE AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM IN

WHICH HE IS HELD

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND

F. W. RICORD



PREFACE.

Each nation has some distinctive excellence, of which its own literature is the proper vehicle. Thus it happens, that we speak familiarly of the humor of England, the wit of France, the thought of Germany, the elegance of Italy, the fire of Spain. But while this is admitted, it is far from being generally conceded that what is best and most beautiful in the Prose and Verse of one language can be transferred without loss into another. The notion, in fact, that this cannot be done is so nearly universal, that labor in this direction is greatly discouraged. But that this notion is not held by everybody, may be seen in the deliberate statement of an American writer of great authority throughout the world of letters : Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay on "Books," says :

" What is really best in any book is translatable,— any real insight or broad sentiment. Nay, I observe

that, in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at translators,—*i traditori traduttori*; but I thank them. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue."

It may be claimed for the English speech that it has some advantages over every other for the rendition of thoughts or feelings which find their original expression in languages foreign to it. In the specimens of songs here given, it has been the aim of the translator, as far as he could, to "render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody;" and he will be glad if it shall be found that he has succeeded in naturalizing some of the representative poets of other lands, and of introducing to favorable notice others of less renown.

F. W. R.

NEWARK, N. J., DEC., 1878.





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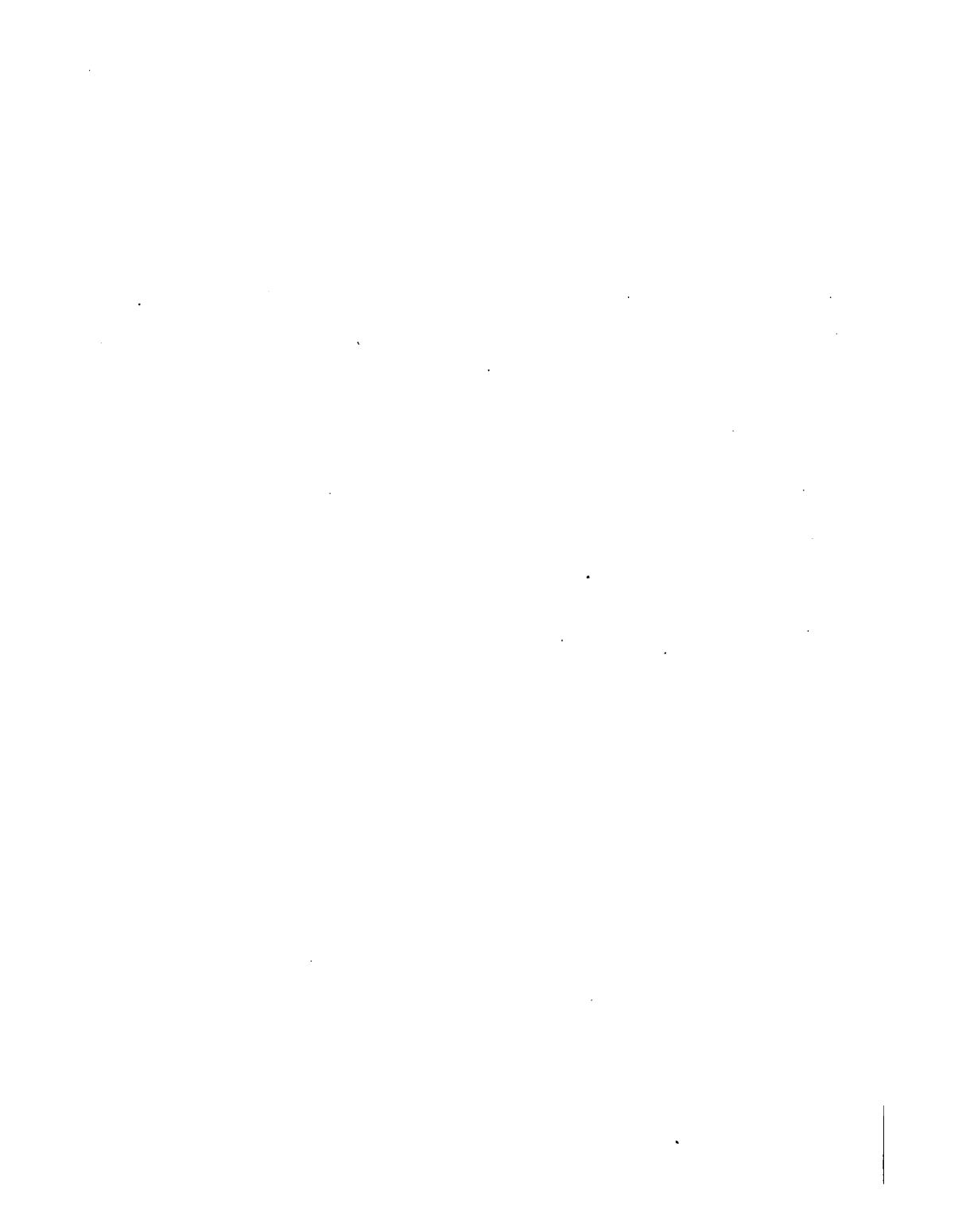
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I.

THE PRAYER FOR ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

Go daughter, go and pray ! Night onward creeps.
And see ! 'A star already at us peeps,
And mists dance up the hill-side, far away.
No wagon rumbles, now, beneath its load ;
And, noiselessly, the trees, beside the road,
To night's breeze, yield the soiling dust of day.

Now Twilight seems, within Night's store, to steal—
Her wealth of gold and jewels, to reveal ;
And, from the West, to tear the silver lace,
All gleaming, it, upon yon stream to fling,
While every bush and fence and path takes wing,
And trav'lers can, no more, the road-way trace.

Day is for wickedness, fatigue and spleen !
Pray now ! 'Tis night !—Night holy and serene.
The shepherd and the flocks that with him rove ;
The stream, in murmurs, and the wind, in sighs,
Proclaim their weariness ! All nature tries
To show its need of sleep, of prayer and love.

'Tis now that children, with the angels, speak ;
And—shame to us—while we our pleasures seek,
The little ones, with eyes upturned to Heav'n,
And hands devoutly clasp'd—on knees all bare—
Lift, in their innocence, a common prayer
That grace to us, unworthy, may be given.

And then they sleep. Then, from the shadows press
The golden Dreams—tumultuous, numberless—
Dreams springing from the day's subsiding storms,—
Which, scenting, from afar, each breath, each lip,
Like joyous bees 'round flowers sweet to sip,
Fly all about the curtain'd beds, in swarms.

Oh sleep of Infancy ! oh childhood's prayer !
Always so full of love, so joyful e'er !

Oh, Faith that always smiles, that never weeps !
Sweet prelude to the songs that angels sing !
E'en as the bird, its head, puts 'neath its wing,
The child, in prayer, its spirit puts and sleeps.

II.

Go, daughter, go and pray ! And, first, oh, pray
For her who hath so watch'd thee, night and day—
For her who thy young soul received from Heav'n,
And nursed on earth—that tender mother, who
Hath, out the cup which God for all doth brew,
The wormwood drunk, to thee the honey giv'n.

Then pray for me ! I need prayer more than she !
Good, simple, true is she—even like thee.
She wears no frown. Her heart is e'er content.
Great her compassion. Envy has for none.
Wise, sweet ; in patience, strives life's course to run,
And suffers pain, yet asks not why 'tis sent.

While gath'ring pleasures, as she goes along,
Her hand is never raised to do a wrong.
In vain, for her, doth Vice resplendent beam ;
No vexing mem'ries, with her, harbor find ;
And evil thoughts float, traceless, o'er her mind,
As shadows pass upon the placid stream.

She does not know—to thee, be they unknown !—
Those griefs in which the soul is sometimes thrown :
False pleasures, vanities, remorse, black cares,
And passions floating on the heart, like scum,
And memories of shame which, although dumb,
Torment, while, on the brow, the hot blood flares.

I know life well, and will, to thee, impart,
When thou art older, when in need thou art,
That grandeur to pursue, wealth to enhance,
Are things of naught ; and that, in Fortune's game,
What seems an honor won, proves oft a shame ;
That souls are sometimes lost at games of chance.

Oh that this spark should ever lose its glow !
That one should ever hear, should ever know

How much the soul, by vice and error, can
Be stripp'd ! Man wanders here and there in doubt :
Each trav'ler, on the brambles 'long his route,
Leaves something : wool, the sheep ; his virtue, man.

Then pray for me ! Say this, and say no more :
“ Oh God, thou art our Father. I implore
Thy grace. Good, great thou art ; thy blessing send !”
And to thy words, child, give, thy spirit's wing,
And fear not. There's a path for every thing !
Fear not as to the way thy prayer may wend.

Behold, how every thing will take its bent :
The river seaward, o'er the plain's descent ;
And bees where fragrance to the air is giv'n.
And see ! On wings, is shaped the straightest way :
The eagle sunward, vultures to their prey ;
The swallow to the Spring, and prayer to Heav'n.

And when, for me, thy prayer to Heaven flies,
I'm like some slave who by the wayside lies,
And, on the ground, his heavy burden flings :

I feel more light, because this load of care,
Of faults and errors which I, groaning, bear,
Thy prayer hath lifted from me, on its wings.

Pray for thy father ! That I worthy be,
The angels in my dreams, in clouds, to see—
In clouds of incense from my soul up-waved.
Let all my sins, with thy pure prayer, take flight,
And, thus, my heart be undefiled and bright
As pavement of God's altar, nightly laved.

III.

And pray for every one who must
Perform life's journey to the grave ;
For him who from his path is thrust
By every wind, by every wave.
For him who finds his highest joys
In gorgeous dress ; in golden toys ;
In serfs and steeds, in liv'ry clad.

For him who may in sickness lie,
Whate'er his fate—to live or die,
Or be he good, or be he bad.

For him who spends the night and day
With those who Pleasure's temple throng ;
Who takes the time, when others pray,
For feast and mirth and dance and song ;
Who raises to his mouth the bowl
Just at the moment when the soul,
The lips, in formal prayer, have stirr'd,
And, when "Amen" should have been said,
Goes on, as if he were afraid
The prayer, by God, had not been heard.

Pray for the virgins veil'd at prayer ;
Pray for the pris'ner in his cell ;
• For women in dishevel'd hair
Who, woman's holiest feelings, quell.
For him whom noble thoughts rejoice ;
For him, too, who, with impious voice,
The holy law of God blasphemers !

This do ; for prayer can all infold ;
And prayer, from thee, on God will hold,
For, Childhood, He, as Faith, esteems.

TO A CHILD.

FROM THE DUTCH OF N. BEETS.

How sweetly sleeps, upon his silken bed,
The guileless babe, his healthful limbs half-bare !
How cunning seems the dimpled hand outspread,
Its azure blending with the golden hair ;
How, mid the locks, the forehead hides away :
How sleep, the rounded cheeks, with scarlet, tips ;
And how, too, all the while, the half ope'd lips,
All wreath'd with smiles, would something wish to
say !

Oh let me kiss these limbs, this little breast—
These velvet limbs, so innocently bare !—
One little kiss, just one, no more I dare,
Lest I disturb, perchance, this blissful rest.

Thine is an age when carking cares come not ;
When sleep is sought not for an aching head ;
When pillows are not false, and hard and hot ;
For thee, is ever soft thy silken bed.

Oh happy child ! Like thee, I wished to be !
Thou, yet, hast wished nought, sleeping or awake ;
But thou, a foolish wish, ere long, shalt make.
Like others, thou wilt for the future yearn.
True, on thy face, I, yet, can nought discern,
But still, a few years hence, alas, I can
Be sure thou'l sigh to be a full grown man.
Dear child, this will thy earliest folly be.

Full grown ! They who are so, know what they gain !
To know it, makes them often cry or blush.
Thou know'st no blush save health's own rosy flush.
Of tears, thou feel'st the moisture, not the pain.
All, yet, to thee is strange, is dark, involved ;
With wond'ring, eager eyes, thou seest the world,
Nor dream'st its joys shall all be from thee hurl'd
Soon as, by thee, the riddle shall be solved.

Thy father bows in silence 'neath his smart ;
Thy mother, by her mother's death-bed, moans ;
Thy brother, o'er his sullied honor, groans ;
And faith betray'd devours thy sister's heart—
Left by her treach'rous lover worse than dead ;—
And I, who, this low couch, am kneeling by,
From very sadness of my soul, must cry,
While thou sleep'st sweetly on thy silken bed.

Thou dream'st, no doubt, a pleasing, childish dream.
We all dream, child ; dream even while awake,
And, thus, desired sleep, unrestful, make ;
And, thus, our souls, with pains and terrors, teem ;
And, ah , so much of evil's in us wrought
That, in our very sleep, sins 'round us throng ;
And, in our dreams, the slaves we are of wrong.
But thou, dear child, of evil knowest nought.

Each one of us has been just what thou art ;
And just as guiltless each of us lain down ;
And none e'er guess'd—who then gave smile or
frown—
What might, thereafter, play upon our heart ;

What, in our beaker, God for us might pour ;
How we, that beaker, in our hands, might take ;
If we, in pain, the world our hope might make,
Or upward, to Him, confidently soar.

Thou wilt not, as a headstrong boy, make weep
Those who, to thee, thy life and all things gave ?
Thee, shall no wicked passions e'er enslave,
To rob thee of thy virtue and thy sleep ?
No shameful fire with filthy water stay ?
God's laws ne'er break, not even in thy heart ?
Which wilt thou : guilt with wealth ? Virtue with
smart ?
Oh, thine, be downy pillow e'er I pray !

Oh that thou may'st thy conscience e'er keep clean !
That earth may, thee, of Heaven, never rob !
This is my prayer ; and this, with quick heart-throb,
Thy mother's fervent prayer hath ever been.
Learn then to pray, now, in thy early days
Of quiet faith, when better feelings come ;
And ne'er forget it in the flash and hum
Of worldly life, which nothing ever stays.

This spark of life must, finally, be dead,—
This spark, which came mid joy, on joy hath fed.
Be thine, at last, a couch on which to die,
No harder even than the silken bed
Whereon I see thee, now, an infant lie!

ALL AGES HAVE THEIR FOLLIES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

When e'er I see insensate youth exposed
To Passion's impulses, to Love's misrule ;
To joy, o'er my old age, I feel disposed—
To joy that I'm no more a fool.
How pleasant 'tis to stand upon the shore,
And see the waves dash o'er the wreck outside !
Not that our fellow's woes we less deplore :
But that 'tis not our ship—our ride !
What ? Laugh ? Are there no storms for my old age ?
Alas, too many ! And, ah,—what is worse—my own !
Of storms, that, aught, may 'gainst e'en others wage,
I am in terror. Follies are diverse.
Sweet peace is kill'd by love, by greed, by rage.
We all are ships, tossed here and there
Upon a cold and unknown wave.

Affections are the winds that bear
Us to the haven, or the grave.
And dear delights are rocks that lurk,
Half hid, beneath the sea of life.
And, howsoe'er may reason work
To guide us thro' this ocean's strife,
Against this pilot rises Pride
And whelms us in the deadly tide.

'TIS THE FIRST STEP THAT COSTS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DIEGO GONZALES.

A puny spring, one day, I spied—
So puny in its strength, so small its dwelling place--
That all the water, which was in it pent,
One, very easily, could hide
Within the limits of a narrow vase.
Lured by the tiny stream that, from it, trickling went,
I followed curiously bent
On seeing where, at last, 'twould go.
And as I went, it never ceased to grow
By aid of other streams towards it prone,
Their waters mingling with its own.
And when, at last, I wish'd, and even tried,
'Twas vain, I could not reach the other side.

Returning home, one night, I spied
A spark, between the stones, quite near my door,—
A spark some one had dropp'd, 'twas nothing more.
So, in I went to bed, o'ertried
By work; and soon I sank in sweet repose.
Alas! a whirlwind suddenly arose:
The spark was blown. Flames from it broke.
The flames burst through the door. In terror I
awoke,
To find my home all wrapp'd in clouds of smoke,
Myself in choking darkness forced to grope,
And, without help, and with small hope,
Half naked, scorch'd and robb'd of sleep,
Forth from my window made to leap.

A vapor, once, at noon, I spied,
Ascending slowly in the distant sky.
So thin that, from it, not a shadow fell—
So thin that, scarcely, could it be descried.
At last, it grew; and, by and by,
Began to blacken, and, with anger, swell;
And, then, upon the ground, pell-mell,
It came in floods, and roar'd and boil'd;

And all the fields were, of their crops, despoil'd ;
And me, as I ran out to save my store,
It fiercely to the ocean bore.
A thorn tree caught, and pierced me sore.
A thorn tree saved me, while my flesh it tore.

And, lastly, in my breast, I spied
Strong passions rising, which, at first, I might
Have brought quite easily beneath control.
Their force, however, to deride,
I boldly chose—armed, as I felt, for fight.
And, now, alas, alas, my tortured soul
Is near a stream, whose depth, whose width, whose
roll,
From bliss, would, it, for evermore, divide.
And, while I see fierce flames on every side,
The air grows cold ; the sky is turn'd to lead ;
The thunder growls above my head ;
And if, at last, I'm wholly lost,
'Tis the first step, that must so dearly cost.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. VON CHAMISSO.

See, yonder, o'er her linen bending,
That aged dame, with whiten'd hair ;
In honest toil, such vigor spending,
As three score years, sixteen, can spare.
So sweating e'er for each day's meal—
Her honor, more than riches, treasur'd—
She treads, with never tir'ing zeal,
The circle, God for her hath measured.

While, love, in youth, had brought the blessing,
Which she had hop'd, which she had dreamed,
She, to no future, look'd, possessing
Else than what then a heaven seemed.

That Heav'n, whereto she ever pray'd,
A lover brave had sent, had taken ;
And him beneath the sod she'd laid,
Yet, upward look'd, not all forsaken.

The pledges of their love, to nourish,
Begins she, now, with still brave heart ;
Like goodly cedars, sees them flourish,
And tends them with excelling art.
As, yearly, stronger they unfold,
In broader fields, must each be planted,
At last, she stands alone and old,
But with a heart, as e'er, undaunted.

And, now, her little toil-bought winnings
For flax she pays. Her nights, then, spends
Yarn to produce, through tedious spinnings.
The yarn, now, to the weaver sends,
In linen stuff to have it wrought ;
The scissors, then, and needle plying,
A fun'ral shroud—her only thought—
She makes, and keeps, against her dying.

Her shroud, her fun'ral shroud ! Her treasure !
She watches, guards, against despoil.
It is her last, her only pleasure ;
All she has saved from all her toil !
Therein, she, on the Sabbath day,
Enrobes, the better thus digesting
God's word ; then puts her shroud away,
Till needed for her final resting.

And oh, that I, at my life's twilight,
Could feel that I, this woman like,
Had bravely fought, and won my fight,
Had reach'd my reach, had struck my strike !
Oh that such knowledge could inspire
Me, at life's close, myself to pleasure !
Oh, could I, then, have like desire
My fun'ral shroud to make and treasure !

THE BEGGAR'S EPITAPH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. MAHLMANN.

Here is the beggar Jacob's grave.
Though charity supplied his bread,
His staff, he'd not have changed to have
The rich man's clothing, with his bed.
Free as the bird, he roamed about,
From earliest dawn of day.
No envier lurk'd upon his route ;
No flatt'rer met him, on the way ;
No storm destroyed his planted seed ;
No care laid gnawing at his heart ;
No friend, to him, in word or deed,
Perform'd the cunning traitor's part ;
No beadle bother'd him for rent ;
No usurer, for int'rest, screw'd ;
No demagogue, on power bent,

Him ever flatter'd, or pursued ;
And when grim Death his hut door ope'd—
As ope's he all without much choice—
No spendthrift son a fortune hoped ;
No heirs were gathered to rejoice.
Because he lived thus free from care,
He, neither rank nor wealth, could crave ;
And since, for these, his humble fare
He could not change, he to the grave
More gladly went, in wealth as great
As any whom he there might find ;
Aware that 'tis, for all, the fate,
Wealth, rank and friends to leave behind.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

You've not decided, yet, what sort of life to lead,
And say: a wise and friendly counselor you need ;
Expecting the career, of which you shall make choice,
To furnish every thing that can make heart rejoice.
That's well. What shall it be ? Of course, you wish
at least,
To be a judge, a courtier, general, or priest.
Taste must decide. But mere employment—e'en a
throne—
Cannot give peace. This cometh from thyself alone.
Conditions, equal, are ; but men are not all so ;
And where the fool will fail, the wise will pros'prous
grow.
The port for which we hope, for which we sigh and
strive,

Is happiness ; and shoals abound ; winds fiercely
drive.

To reach that distant, much desir'd shore, hath
Heav'n,

To every mortal, but a slender vessel, giv'n.

Assistance, then, and dangers are the same for all.

What boots it, when the waves tempestuous rise and
fall,

That painted be thy bark, and that thy mast affords
A purple sail, with streaming flags and silken cords ?

The wind hath no respect. Alike, to grief, it brings
The fishermen's canoes, the staunchest ships of kings.

If any lucky pilot, mid the tempest's roar,

The port attaining, gains, at last, the happy shore,

'Tis not because his bark was better built and tried;
But wise the pilot was, and God has been his guide.

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MOLIERE.

Defects of human nature ope the way
For us to bring philosophy in play.
It is the best employ e'er Virtue had.
If every one, with honesty were clad ;
If every heart were docile, just and free,
The most of virtues, then, would useless be.

ENVY AND SLANDER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MOLIERE.

'Gainst virtue, in this world, there is an endless strife.
The envious die ; but envy hath immortal life.
If thou dost well, the envious will, thy path, surround.
If thou dost better, ah, then wilt thou them confound !
'Tis those, whose foolish conduct furnishes most
 sport,
That foremost are, another's conduct to distort.
'Tis useless, against slander, walls to rear and mount.
'Tis best, all prattling fools, to hold of no account.
And in the utmost innocence to strive to live ;
And, to the world of critics, fullest license give.

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

If each man's deeply hidden woe
Were written out upon his brow,
For many, then, our tears would flow,
Who, rather, move our envy now.

Alas, how many, in whose breast,
The keenest agonies exist,
Make, in appearing to be blest,
Their sum of happiness consist.

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

Before the seed is planted, it reveals
No twig, no bud, no life-producing power;
And, yet, within its homely shell, conceals
The tree, with branch and leaf and flower.

The flint-faced rock, that yonder roots half hide,
Hath lain, for ages, black and damp and cold;
But in, and through it, everywhere, abide
Both light and heat. These, can the steel unfold,
And send, in dazzling showers, from its side.

WANT—A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.

More sad than Death all grim and gaunt,
To men of finest sense, is Want !
It grants not life or dying, even.
The bloom of health, it weareth out ;
And all most noble to us given,
From heart and soul, it teareth out.
The sage's pride, so low it stretches,
That he, to fools, will service give ;
And cares most gnawing, too, it fetches :
For man must have the means to live.

Want is, of poesy, the grave ;
And makes us, oft, to men the slave—
To men 'neath whom our frames might perish,
While, yet, our souls true pride could cherish.

Let not glum thoughts so with thee tarry
That they, the heart, shall, from thee, tear.
Misfortune cannot wisdom wear ;
Yet wisdom can misfortune carry.

Through love and fondling, fight off sorrow !
Through sweetest song, 'gainst grief, prevail !
Example from the rose, may'st borrow ;
Example from the nightingale !

The rose, of charms that all outshine,
Will, midst polluting soil, best flourish.
The nightingale, of song divine,
With filthy worms, itself, will nourish.

A SONG FROM MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.

Who ne'er from prudence' bounds hath rais'd his eyes
Nor found, e'en in his youthful days,
Aught for repentance or dispraise,
Perhaps, not foolish he ; but, yet, not wise.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.

Would'st thou, thy fellow man, discern ?
Thou must, thine eyes, within thee, turn.
Would'st thou, thyself, then, rightly know ?
Outside of thine own self, must thou, then, go.

PLEASURES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Our pleasures, flowers, are, that, here below,
God makes, amid the thorns, around us grow.
Each has its seasons ; and by conduct sage,
We may have some in keeping for old age.
Soft hands to pluck them, though, must be employed;
For, easily their beauty is destroyed.
Do not, with sweets, your senses overwhelm,
By seizing, all at once, on Flora's realm.
From greediness of every kind refrain.
Quit feasting early, and thus feast again.
Work, often, is the father of our joys.
The weight of leisure, oft, the man destroys.
Enjoyments, nature never sells for nought.
The harvest greets not him who has not wrought.
All things need care. All we enjoy is bought.

FALSE HOPES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CLEMENTE BONDI.

Life's ills, 'gainst which I've long contended,
I would, by death, ere now, have ended ;
But hope arises to compel me
To cling to life ; and sooth, will tell me
That, free for ever from my sorrow,
I shall awake, the coming morrow.

The coming morrow, on arriving,
Still finds me with my burden striving ;
And Hope, within, is ever living,
Yet, mid my sorrows, never giving
The needful nerve by which to perish,
Nor, yet, the wish, my life, to cherish.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINTE BEUVE.

Alas, I'm sure, there is no being 'neath the sky,
Who can declare himself a happier man than I.
But there are moments when, and without knowing
 why,
I find myself a prey to sadness, sighs and tears.
The more, along my way, I'm met with smiles and
 cheers ;
The more the world grows glad ; the more the trees
 grow green ;
The more the sky grows blue ; the fields more gay
 are seen ;
The more my wife appears, as when she was a maid ;
The more my children laugh, and gambol in the
 shade ;
The more the breeze grows soft, and scarcely dares
 to sigh ;
The more I feel compelled to steal away and cry.

It is that, far beyond the happy state we've gained,
A still more happy state is, yet, to be attained.
It is because our goal is elsewhere—far and veiled—
And that, to find it here, we hitherto have failed.
It is that grass and flow'rs have all a common doom :
A fall, a death, a life, once more, to deck a tomb.
It is that, after years have roll'd, as heretofore,
The sky will be as blue, though we shall be no more.
It is that children, objects of our cares and fears,
In growing older, will forget our love and tears.
Oh, every joy hath taint to him whose search is keen ;
As through its clear depths, though not, at first, well
seen,
The peaceful, silver lake, when thoroughly 'tis
scann'd,
A bottom brings to view, composed of mud and sand.

But, as upon the lake, what e'er its bottom be,
The sailing clouds above, reflected we may see,
So, in that doom's dark depth, to which each one is
borne,
Is seen the glorious hope of an eternal morn.
And when one early seeks beneath God's eye to move,

In holy fear of wrong ; of right in deepest love ;
When honor'd parents, dying in our arms, are heard
To utter in our ears, all low, some blissful word ;
When children, kindly, firmly nurtured from their
birth,
Shall aim, in goodly deeds, to follow us on earth ;
When honest sense of duty marks the path we go,
Then only can we, still, be happy here below.
In times of sadness, and with eye more firm, we may
Encounter life, its good things all, and their decay.
And this grave thought, which brings us to our
Maker's side,
Sustains the soul, and comforts us whate'er betide.

II.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

FROM THE ALEMANNIC OF J. P. HEBEL.

Oh God, preserve my Fritz to me—
My Fritz who merits all I can,
Of homage, give—my good, brave man !
He sits so happy by my knee,
And seems to think of only me.
And what he does, and what he says
Is sure to win my warmest praise.
And, oh, what spirit and what grace !
And, oh, those locks about his face !
Those cheeks, so ruddy and so round !
Those limbs so shapely and so sound !
Oh, when I'm troubled, or oppress'd,
When aught disturbs my quiet breast,
My man ! my Fritz ! I think of thee,
And all vexations from me flee.
Oh God, preserve my Fritz to me !

Oh God, preserve my little wealth :
My garden, just behind my cot,
So ample for my humble lot ;
The field of grain, in golden glow ;
The hill whereon my grape vines grow ;
The yard, with all its little pens,
Where live my geese, my sheep, my hens.
With these, have I not much to spare ?
Let these, then, be my constant care !
And when I fear lest want befall,
I'll think that God is over all.
And thanks ! When Fritz, by work oppress'd,
Comes from the field, to take his rest,
A table greets him, cleanly spread
With nicest cheese and sweetest bread ;
With bottle, too, of purest wine.
And, then, I bid him sit and dine ;
And, then, he eats, and, then, he sips,
And strength re-enters through his lips.
Oh God, preserve my happy lot !

Oh, God preserve my peaceful cot !
The room so bright, in which I sit,

That angels might have furnish'd it—
No church, with pictures, more replete !
And, oh, when all is dark out-door,
And light'nings flash, and thunders roar ;
When clouds launch forth the pelting hail,
Or drizzling rains, the windows, veil ;
When Christmas comes with winds so bleak,
And whiten'd is, each mountain peak ;
When all the trees their leaves have lost,
And streams are bridged with snow and frost ;
When forests, 'neath the mighty gale,
Bow down their heads and sigh and wail ;
Oh here am I, from terror free,
However fierce the tempest be ;
Oh God, preserve my cot to me !

But, if Thou must my Fritz e'er take,
And I, resistance none, must make ;
The churchyard, then, my garden be ;
A grave my cot, my bed where he,
My Fritz, shall ever rest with me !

IN MORTE DI MADONNA LAURA.

SONNET XXXIV.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

In spirit, I arose where I might see
Her whom I seek on earth, but seek in vain ;
And, there, midst those whom highest heavens
contain,
Her, met, again, more fair, less harsh to me.
She took my hand, and said : "Here shalt thou be,
Henceforth with me, if fate do not restrain.
'Tis I who made thy life a bitter fight,
And closed my day, ere I its eve could see.
My happiness is hid from human sight.
For thee I wait. What was thy love and lure,
I've left on earth—that form to me once giv'n."
Why vanish'd she, mid promises so bright ?
Ah, words so full of sympathy, so pure,
Were all I'd ask of all the bliss of Heav'n.

COAXING.

FROM THE SWABIAN.

I live for thy sake, dear ;
Then hands let us shake here ;
A kiss let me take, dear,
And let us be good.

Thou'rt fashion'd so nicely ;
Behavest so wisely,
Thy cheeks look precisely
Like milk mixed with blood.

Ah, now, my sweet Dolly,
My Peggy, my Polly,
My Maggy, my Molly,
Come, let's friendly be !

Don't hang down thy jowl so,
And stare like an owl so ;

Thy Hans is no ghoul, no !
Ah come, then, to me !

Come darling, come pretty !—
So pretty, so witty—
My pussy, my kitty
I love only thee !

Oh, be thou my treasure !
I'll live for thy pleasure !
Then treasure past measure,
To each will we be !

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN L. UHLAND.

The eve, I always consecrate
To strolling where I may.
She's always by the garden gate
That stands close by the way.
That she should wait, or I there go,
Is not arranged—It happens so.

How it occurs, I cannot guess :
We kiss ; aye, that is so.
I ask her not ; she ne'er says, “ yes,”
Though never says she—“ No.”
When lips on lips, contented rest,
Not to object, we think, is best.

When Zephyr, with the Rose-bud, fools,
He says not : " For me live."

When Rose, herself, with night-dew cools,
She does not say : " Give ! Give ! "
I love but her ; she loves but me.
Yet neither says : " I love but thee."

SONNET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN L. UHLAND.

If every flower have a meaning of its own :
If, for example, love, within the rose, may dwell ;
If the Forget-me-not's long name, its sense, decide ;
If, in the Laurel, fame ; in Cypress, grief be found ;
If lack of flow'rs there were to make our feelings
known ;
And then, in colors, tender thoughts might be
descried ;
If Pride and Envy could, with yellow, be allied ;
If expectation could, in leaves, attend, full-grown ;
Then might I, from my garden, justly pluck and bind
Of every color'd leaf, of flowers of every kind,
In order, thus, to thee, my every thought denote.
For thee, is every wish and hope and joy and pain ;
My love, faith, fame, all that I have or hope to gain.
To thee my life ; to thee, my death, do I devote.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN L. UHLAND.

A grave, oh, Mother, has been dug for thee
Within a still, to thee, a well known place.
A shadow, all its own, above shall be,
And flowers, its threshold too, shall ever grace.

And, even, as thou died'st, so in thy urn
Thou'l lie unconscious of both joy and smart ;
And, daily, to my thoughts, shalt thou return.
I dig, for thee, this grave within my heart.

THE YOUTH BY THE RIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Sat a youth beside the river,
Flowers twining in a wreath ;
Fell it from him, and went dancing
O'er the waves and underneath.
So, said he, my days are fleeing ;
Restless as the waves, are they.
Like the wave, my youth will whiten ;
Like the wreath, it will decay.

Ask me not wherefore I sorrow,
As begins life's gala day ;
Everything is glad and hopeful,
Midst the warmth and bloom of May.
But Spring's many hundred voices,
Making music all around,

Only add to my affliction,
 Make more sensitive my wound.

What, to me, are all the pleasures
 Spring can scatter, Spring amass ;
Only one there is I long for ;
 She is near, yet far, alas !
Out I stretch my arms, so longing,
 To that darling of my heart.
But, ah me ! I stretch them vainly,
 And I feel a keener smart.

Oh come back, come back, bright spirit,
 From those golden realms of rest !
Flowers that, here, the Spring is bringing,
 Strew I now upon thy breast.
Hark ! the groves with songs are ringing ;
 Softly murmuring, flows the stream :
In a nook—the smallest, meanest—
 Love can dwell and grow and dream.

SONNET.

No twilight 'round thy parting lingers—
 Oh thou that rulest my short day !
As when, with rosy color'd fingers,
 Old Sol doth with the hill-tops play.
But, when thou fadest from my sight,
 'Tis darkness without eve ; 'tis night.
Oh for a zone not half so torrid,
 Where thou wert less the god thou art—
Where night-fall were less sudden, horrid—
 Where thou, more slowly, could'st depart !
Or place me, rather, where might be,
 The Polar Star above my head,
Where, never setting, thou, on me,
 Thy light, though cold, might'st always shed.

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

TO DEAR MAY.

Slowly and sadly the moments are winging.
'Tis a whole life-time from morning to eve.
Moments are ages, relentlessly bringing
 Hairs that affright me and furrows that grieve !
Tests of my mourning, my pining, despairing,
 Tell me, ye Moments thus slow in your flight,
Why is the evening, to morn, weary wearing ?
 Why, weary wears, too, the morning to night ?
Say, ye sad Moments, once, nimble and gay,
 Languish ye thus for my dear absent May ?

Oh so far from me, my arms cannot fold her !
Parch'd are my lips for the nectar they miss ;
Aching, my eyes, vainly stretch'd to behold her ;
 Burning my breast for one instant of bliss !
Oh, I am weary, I'm weary of sighing ;

Weary of catching each foot-fall, each breath ;
Oh I am weary 'o' waiting, of crying ;
Weary, oh weary, oh weary to death !
When will the ages, that now make the day,—
 Moments becoming,—sing : “ Here's thy dear
 May ! ”

TO PHILLIS,

COMPARING HER WITH IRIS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE.

For me, forsaking all her pride,
Sweet Iris could no more deride.
She fann'd my flame ; my hopes allow'd ;
Received my love, heard what I vow'd ;
Bestow'd those tokens, one by one,
Which lovers hang their hopes upon.
Such treatment, it must be averred
Some feeling in my bosom stirr'd.
Of love ? Ah could this soul 'gainst you
Such crime e'er dream, such crime e'er do ?
'Twas friendship only, yet so strong,
I thought, to love, 'twould turn, ere long.
In her, I, daily, hoped to meet
The traits which render you so sweet,

Those charms divine, by which, at will,
You either make alive or kill ;
Those graces perfectly refined ;
The native grandeur of your mind ;
That discourse sweet, to nature true.
But these I find alone in you.
Of beauty, sooth, she had enough
To move the heart of sternest stuff :
A hundred charms, in her, I found,
But greater charms, in you, abound ;
None of those looks, with which, as darts,
Your eyes transfix the hardest hearts.
How oft, when by your beauty smit,
Or, by your grace or sparkling wit,
I've said—and I can quickly prove—
That Phillis merits truest love !

TO AMINTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE.

When, simply with two words, you chose
To make my pains forever cease :
When, while I felt a martyr's woes,
You ope'd the skies, and gave me peace ;
Your charms, which nothing can eclipse,
Conceal'd the rigor of your part ;
Love's lures were all upon your lips
And all his shafts went to my heart.
You took, at once, a beauty new—
A radiance riv'ling that above—
Ah, how my eyes were then on you !
And how your eyes caught me in love.

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

In dreams, while, on my bed, I lie,
Comes she for whom I live and sigh,
To say I'm not forsaken.

If thou be just, oh Love, ordain,
My dreams, the living truth, contain,
Or that I never waken.

DEAR LILLIE.

FROM THE ALEMANNIC OF H. A. H. VON FALLERSLEBEN.

Oh Lillie, when I'm near to thee,—
Thou light, thou life, thou sun to me !
Though, every where, prevail the night,
And stars be hidden from the sight ;
Though others be to darkness prey ;
To me, all things are bright as day.

Yet when thy eyes beam not on me,
I'm lost, I grope, no footstep see ;
'Tis night to me, in all its gloom,
Howe'er the sun may earth illume.
What boots it that the sun be bright,
And Lillie gone ? 'Tis night, black night !

OLD FRIEND, WE ONCE WERE CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Old friend, we once were children—
Two children small and gay—
And in the hen-house, oft, we crept
And hid amongst the hay.

We crowed just like the rooster ;
And when the folks came by,
They thought our “ Cock-a-doodle-doo,”
Was, sure, the rooster’s cry.

Of boxes, in our barn-yard,
A house we smartly plann’d,
And sitting, there, together, then,
We thought ourselves so grand.

And when a grey, old pussy
Stepp'd in, to make a call,
We bow'd and, so politely smiled,
And talk'd so fine withal.

Ask'd all about her ailments,
In such a kindly way,
Just as we, since, have often, done
With other cats as grey.

We sat and talk'd as wisely
As men of long gone days,
And scolded, as we thought about
The old and better ways.

How love and truth and faith, too,
On earth had no more hold,
How high the price of coffee was
And, oh, how scarce was gold.

All gone are childhood's playthings ;
So go all things, forsooth :
Wealth, world and times most golden, too,
And faith and love and truth.

TO A COQUETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE.

Your charms, which, but the face adorn,
Can ne'er control a soul well-born.
Your sway 's too harsh to be secure,
If any one can it endure—
With all its scorn, ingratitude—
He must be born for servitude,
Or be some wretch whom gods pursue,
In wrath, by giving him to you.
For praise and honor vainly moved,
You cannot love, yet would be loved.

TO A COQUETTE.

Thou polished cast from nature's finest die ;
Thou sunbeam dancing 'round us without rest ;
Thou perfum'd thorn ; thou sugar-coated lie,
Piercing and pois'ning those who love thee best ;
Thou yet shalt meet with thine own counterpart ;
And each shall wound, and each shall feel the smart.

T O P O L L Y.

O N H E R B I R T H D A Y .

The great, round earth on which we tread,
With all the wealth that's overlaid,
And stars that circle overhead,
In six poor, little days were made.

But when the Maker, all divine,
Would win the homage of the spheres,
And all his other works outshine,
He took full nigh six thousand years.

And, then, to have, at once, combined,
All that was beauteous, pure and true,
He studied, plann'd ; He wrought, refined :
And lo his work : you, Polly, you !

G R I E F .

FROM THE CARINTHIAN DIALECT.

Forsaken, alas, so forsaken am I !
No lassie, again, shall for me ever sigh ;
The church-yard hath all that I loved, and I'll go,
To kneel in the church-yard, and wail forth my woe.

A mound there, with roses, is crown'd for her sake ;
And there sleeps my lassie, no more to awake.
A pilgrim I'll be there ; my love, there, enshrine ;
And show, there, what love and what sorrow is mine.

REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

And oh ! I loved, once, too.
The world, outspread, before me lay,
All dress'd as for a holiday ;
Above, of golden tints, a throng.
The air was full of mirth and song ;
And birds and buds called out to me :
“ Oh, thou art happier, e'en than we ! ”

Oh, sweet, oh heavn'ly time,
When, all around, afar and nigh,
I saw good angels floating by ;
And Love and Joy with their “ God's speed,”
With promises my way to lead,
And vows that we should never part,
While calling me : “ Dear happy heart.”

Oh, to that bosom true—
That heart that beat alone for mine—
I flew, impell'd by force divine,
And, bathed in tears of joy, found rest.
Alone, of all men, seem'd I blest ;
To mine, no pleasure giving zest
Save such as, also, heav'd her breast.

Forever now farewell,
In all thy heavenly array,
Thou heav'nly dream of my short day !
With thee, the golden Springs have flown ;
And garlands, dry and dead, have grown.
For thee, alone, have I desire ;
For thee, my heart is, still, on fire.

S O N G .

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE—BORN 1555.

That other maids, may be desired,
That other maids may be admired,
 I will, of course, of course, agree ;
But that one may with you compare,
In beauty, fairest of the fair,
 Oh that can never, never be.

That ev'ry one, to some fair maid,
The deepest homage may have paid,
 I will of course, of course, agree ;
But that there e'er was love so true,
As that which I have borne for you,
 Oh that can never, never, be.

That hate and cruelty may dwell
Within the breast of many a belle,
I will, of course, of course agree ;
But that in one, there may be found
A heart like yours—so cold, ice-bound.

Oh, that can never, never, be.

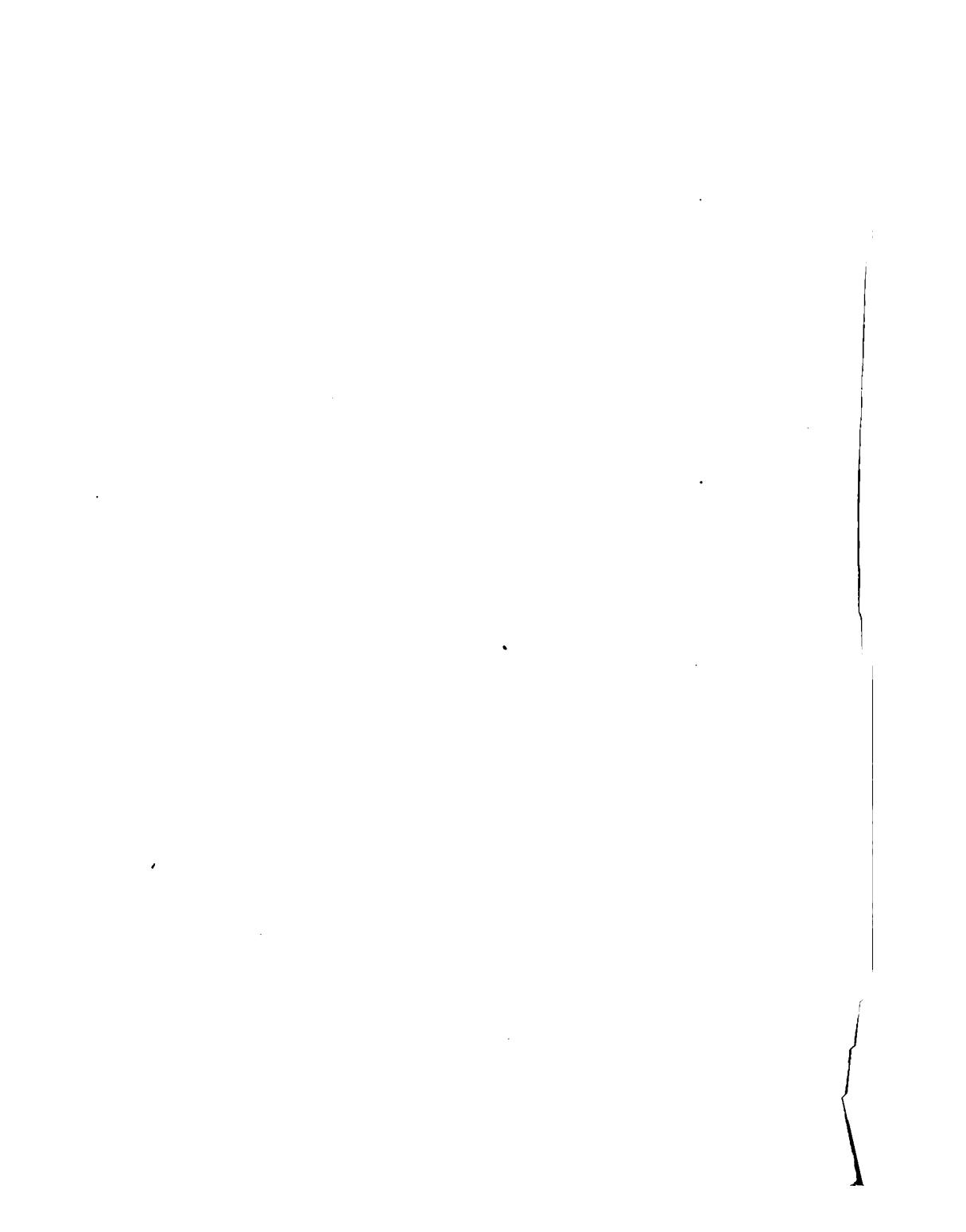
That others, who your grace would gain,
Have through your treatment suffered pain,
I will, of course, of course, agree ;
But, ah, that I, from my great grief,
Like them, can ever find relief,
Oh, that can never, never, be.

That they serve well who can believe,
Some recompense, they will receive,
I will, of course, of course, agree ;
But that another faith than mine,
May nothing gain, yet ever shine,
Oh, that can never, never, be.

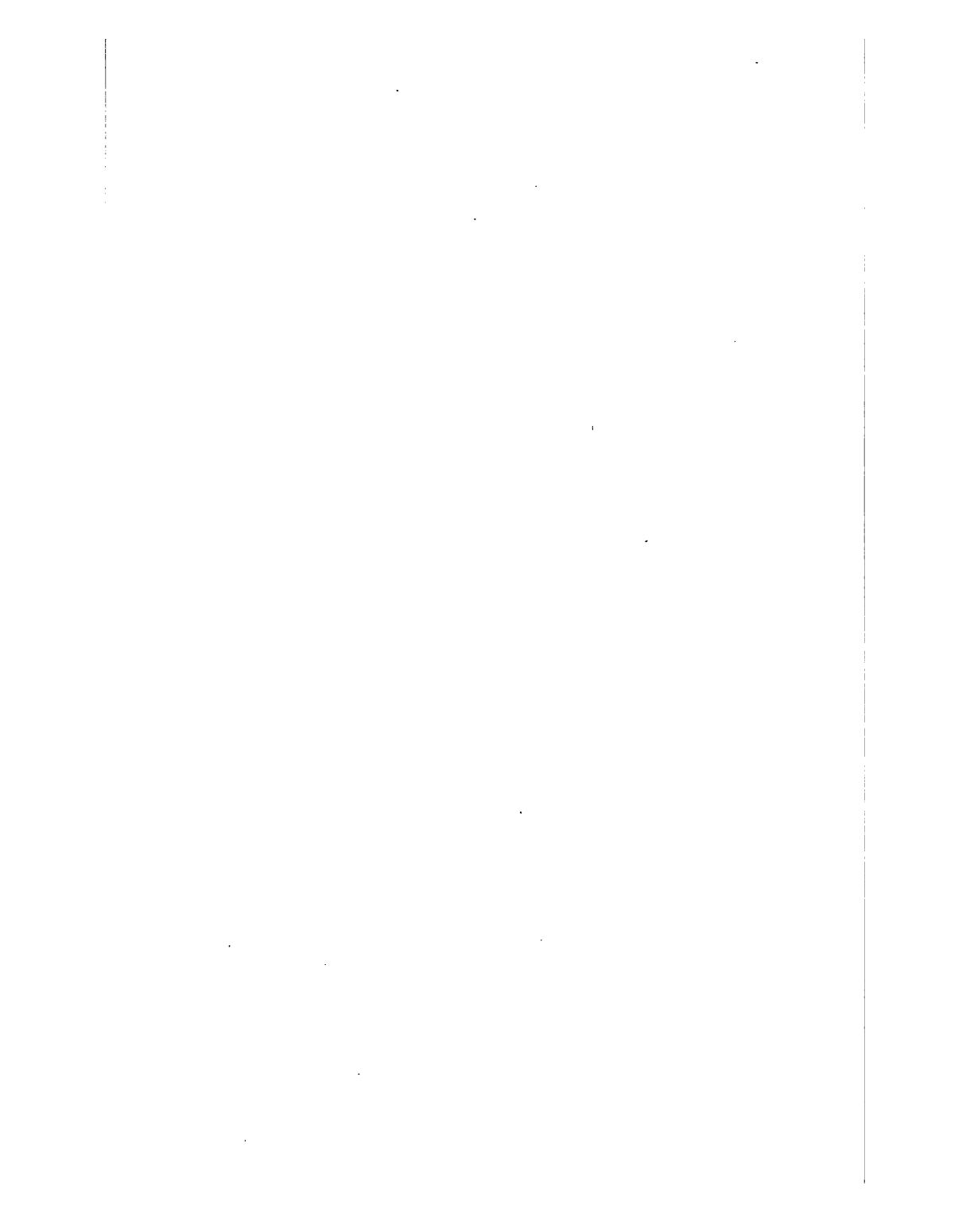
That reason, in the end, may strive,
From out my soul, my grief, to drive,

I will, of course, of course, agree ;
But that, from chains, so sweet to me,
Remonstrance, e'er, can set me free,
 Oh that can never, never, be.

That I, within my silent grave,
At last, may cease to be thy slave,
I will, of course, of course, agree ;
But that the fear of death can move
Me in my service and my love,
 Oh that can never, never, be.



III.



THE CHOICE OF A FRIEND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ANDREAS BELLO.

My Lady Grey Squirrel, one evening, went out,
And with her a Dog that was savage and stout—
A friend of her youth—with whom happy was she
To ramble and gambol the fields all about.
And, now, as they happen'd to be in great glee,
They wander'd so far that upon them came night,
And, with it, a tempest that stole the star-light,
And put them, indeed, in a very sore plight.
No tavern was handy, no other abode,
Except an old oak-tree that stood on the road,
A hollow in which, that was quite near the ground,
Afforded the Mastiff a refuge right good,
While up on a limb, with three skips and a bound,
The Squirrel found shelter as well as she could.

“ Good night ! ” said the Squirrel from out her high
nest.

“ Good night ! ” said the Dog ; and they both went
to rest.

And, now, it was midnight—when thieves most
abound—

Time sacred to pillage ; and, sooth, I must say
That, just at this moment, there came by that way
A rascal, alas, that so many had found,
Of rascals, the worst—’twas a cunning old Fox;
The terror of turkeys, of ducks, hens and cocks,
For twenty, aye thirty or more, leagues around.

On reaching the tree, all about it he went ;
And looking and smelling and twisting his snout,
He, finally, catches, of game, the sweet scent ;
So, looking more sharply, the Squirrel spies out ;
And thinking a tit-bit to have, without fail,
He chuckles with pleasure, and wiggles his tail.
But, while his mouth waters with promis’d delight,
It strikes him the Squirrel is safe, at a height
Which—having no means—he’s unable to scale,

And would, with Dame Nature, a quarrel have sought,
When, luckily, hits him a very bright thought.
“ Fair lady ! ” he said, while his eyes he up-roll’d,
“ Your pardon, please grant me, for being so bold
As thus to disturb you while taking your rest,
For, after, you, having so painfully sought,
And thus in your presence, at last, being brought,
I have not the power to keep in my breast
The joy so delicious with which ’tis possess’d.
Perhaps, you don’t know me ; your mother was, love,
My father’s own sister—God rest him above ;
So, I’m your first cousin, of course, my sweet dove ;
And when my poor father was going to die,
He spoke of you oft, with a tear in each eye,
And told me, that, if I regarded his peace,
To promise to search the whole world for his niece,
And, when I had found her, to be her best friend,
And bid her be happy, and say, to this end,
He’d left her the half of his household effects,
To be always her’s with his love and respects.
Come down then, sweet cousin ! Come down from
this tree ;
My home, sweetest cousin, your home, too, shall be !
Let’s hie to the house of your uncle—my sire !

To you, on the way, I'll be servant and squire.
Come! why do you linger? What feelings contend
Within you, to keep you? I pray you descend,
And hence from this pitiful shelter depart
To one where, henceforth, you shall share my true
heart."

But Lady Gray Squirrel, so nimble of foot,
Of foresight and judgment, was nimble to boot;
And so, as a matter of course, being quick
To see to the depth of this infamous trick,
She answer'd, as follows, the eloquent brute:

" Such kindness, my cousin, as you have display'd,
Besides, unexpected, such liberal aid
From one so belov'd, in the grave, alas, laid,
Can never, I'm certain, by me be repaid.
'T would please me, dear cousin, to come down, 'tis
true,
But think, sir! my sex, sir! It never would do
For me, sir, alone, sir, to talk e'en with you;
But, if it may please you, I have a dear friend

Who, on this occasion, I'm sure will attend.
You'll find him a person in all ways discreet,
With whom, without form, you can be sure to treat ;
He'll like your acquaintance, moreover, I know ;
He's sleeping just now in the story below,
And if you are willing, just sing out—Hallo ! ”

Don Shark, very easily, made up his mind
That Fortune, perhaps, though, because she is blind,
Instead of one prize, two, surely, had sent ;
So, up to the hole, with alacrity, went
And gave a loud call. But, alas, cruel Fate
Already had changed, for the Dog sprang irate
On base Master Fox, whom he soon killed and ate.

This fable, so simply related in rhyme,
Will teach you, my daughter, all at the same time,
Three very important, three noteworthy things :
The arts that a cunning seducer e'er brings ;
The wicked man's speedy and terrible end ;
The worth of our chances, as through life we wend,
Depends very much on the choice of a friend.

LOVE A PRISONER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO MENZINI. BORN 1646.

Ye dames who oft make bitter mention
Of Cupid's name, now give attention
To what shall, briefly, be related :

Caught by his wings, Love, once, was fated
To undergo deep degradation,
By some fair dames of wealth and station.
Who, in the roughest kind of lacing,
His arms, behind his back, close placing,
The victim marched off in their keeping.
Alas, what bitter, bitter weeping !
What tears went down his face, all streaming,
All down his breast, like iv'ry gleaming.

I cannot keep myself from moaning,
When I reflect, with what sore groaning,
He must have borne that rigid binding.
And, then, himself so outraged finding,
And o'er the road so vilely hurried,
How must the little rogue have worried!

And, now, these murd'resses together,
E'en stripp'd his wings of every feather.
And, then, his hair—his hair all splendid
In sheen of gold that, soft, descended
Upon his naked shoulders thickly—
These dames, with scissors, rudely, quickly,
Sent all along the ground a strewing.

To cap the climax of their doing,
Upon an oak, not far off standing—
Whose limbs, conveniently expanding,
Might likely save them from detection—
They, without giving him protection
Of e'en a rag, resolved on strangling
Poor Love: so hung, and left him dangling.
G.

Who would not be with horror smitten,
To see dear Love—Love, who, 'tis written,
Is all the living's chiefest treasure—
Love who can even carry pleasure
Mid raging storms and torturing fire—
Love, writhing, thus, in pains so dire?

But, now, the god-like nature in him—
Intent, his human life, to win him—
Breaks loose the cords about him clinging,
And sends him gaily upward winging.

And, now, against these dames embitter'd,
Two darts, he makes: in gold one glitter'd;
And one, of pois'nous lead, was wrought out.
When, with the first, a heart he sought out,
He bred a love ne'er to be sated,
Ne'er e'en to be reciprocated,
And yet a love intense, undying.

And when he sent the other flying,
Alas, how great to hearts the ravage!

How turn'd he love to discord savage!
And jealousies and quarrels sending,
Transform'd he love to hate unending!

Ye dames who, oft, make bitter mention
Of Cupid's name, now give attention:
He, with his little bow and quiver,
Is sure his vengeance to deliver.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE.

A curious boy is Love made out
With bow and quiver, torch and baby-phiz.
And it would take ten years, about,
To tell just what the creature is.
But I'm too old ; so 'tis no work for me.
I only aim to tell, in my poor wise,
How this blind boy—a god was he—
Was so unlucky as to lose his eyes ;
And what then happen'd, which, perhaps, was well,
But, that, some lover could, of course, best tell.

Well, Folly, once, with Love was out at play,—
Until which time, Love had not lost his sight—
A quarrel rose. Love swore the gods should say,

In open council, who was right.
But Folly in her anger raved,
And, Love, did beat and bruise and wound,
And leave him, sightless on the ground.
Love's mother, Venus, vengeance craved;
And great her anger was, and loud her cries.
The gods assembled, in surprise,
With Jupiter and Nemesis.
To them did she the horrid crime relate.
Crime! crime it was! no childish trick!
Alas, her boy must grope now with a stick!
No pain, for such a crime, could be too great.
The damage must, in some way, be repaired.
And so the gods, at length declared—
In view of all the facts to them explained—
They felt, as due to all, they must decide
That Folly be at once, constrained
On Love to wait, thenceforth, as guide.

LOVE'S ANTE-CHAMBER.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI G. DE'ROSSI.

A solemn audience, in its way,
Love held upon a certain day;
At which, Caprice was call'd to render
The services of door-attender;
And he, regard, in no wise show'd
To claims possessed by those applying,
But, as he pleased, to each one bow'd
On presentation,—none denying.

First Laughter came, Fun in his train.
In, quick, they went; out, quick, again.
A little longer, though, forsooth,
Love gossip'd with all charming Youth;
And so, with Beauty some time spent,
Because the Graces, with her, went.

And, then, came Jealousy, green-eyed,
With Folly walking at her side,
Nor was the interview much hurried
Which Love between these two divided,
Because that, which himself most worried,
Love always to these two confided.

With countenance disturb'd and black,
Now Treachery the entrance took ;
But when, soon after, he came back,
He had a more contented look.
Then Wrath was usher'd in to show,
Before the deity, his face.
And it must be confess'd, although
It was not frequently the case,
When he returned, the crowd perceived
That he'd been graciously received.

Now Constancy, inside was fain
With Innocence, to seek Love's light.
Alas, when they came out again,
'T was all in sorrow and affright.

Thus Love, to all who had applied,
Himself had, now, most kindly shown ;
But Reason, sooth to say, alone,
Was kept in waiting still, outside ;
For, on account of some old spite,
'Gainst her, Caprice, to show his might,
As well, too, as his disregard,
Neglected to send in her card.
But when, at last, he could perceive
That Love was by the audi'nce worn out,
" Here's Reason, shall I say you've gone out ?"
Ask'd he ; and, then, laugh'd in his sleeve.

Love heard this name, with some dismay ;
And bade Caprice, a moment wait.
But, presently, Love said : " 'tis late,
Let Reason come some other day."

T H E B E E .

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTHOLD E. LESSING.

When Cupid, in the times gone by,
Used in the woods and fields to fly,
And 'mong the leaves and flowers to creep,
There stung him, once, and sent him crying,
A bee that, in a rose, was trying
His food to take, as well as sleep.

Of knowledge new, thus made receiver;
This inexhaustible deceiver
A most outrageous trick contrives:
He lurks in violets and roses,
Whence, at the maid, who them disposes
About her breast, his dart he drives.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES HUBERT MILLEVOYE.

Of old, within the realms of Jove,
Came Pleasure and his sister Pain—
Twin offspring of the Queen of Love,
Whom, e'en the gods, to woo, were fain.
The nurse, to Jove, the children brings,
Who throws on each a searching glance.
Pleased with the boy, he gives him wings,
But, to the sister, nothing grants.

“ How shall I to the earth descend,”
Asks Pain, “ from this abode so high?
How shall I, like my brother, wend
My way, in safety, through the sky? ”

Jove answer'd : " Banish your alarms ;
On Pleasure's wings, hence, you may steal ;
And, then, those injured by your arms,
Your brother will be near, to heal."

As nothing, now, their flight could stay,
The twain departed from the sky ;
And soon to earth they made their way,
And soon their pow'r began to try.
With care, did Pain conceal her dart
Beneath her brother's golden wing ;
And, so, when one produced a smart,
The other did a solace bring.

Now Pain, by Pleasure, brought to naught,
Resolv'd, at length, to go alone ;
But, then, was Pleasure still more sought,
While Pain, of course, was wish'd by none.
Yet Pain, while Pleasure, she reviles,
Will always near her brother keep ;
So he, who with the brother smiles,
Must, also, with the sister weep.

TRUTH AND FICTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.

Truth sallied forth, one winter's day,
All naked from her well.
And as she trudged along the way,
A storm upon her fell.
Alas, by all, who saw her plight,
Poor Truth was treated with despite,
And dripping, shiv'ring, nearly dead,
Could find no place to lay her head.
Soon by her, comes, with footsteps light,
Bold Fiction, in her garments bright,
With sparkling gems and feathers fine,—
True, most are false, but still they shine—
“ What ! Is it you ? Good day ! ” says she ;
“ What find you here to do ? ”
Poor trembling Truth replies : “ You see
I'm freezing, yet 'tis true,
I've ask'd of all, with humble tone,

To grant some refuge kind ;
Alas, for me, poor wither'd crone,
Age can no refuge find."

"But you are younger, far than I,"
Says Fiction, with a half-drawn sigh,
And, not to boast at all, I tell
You, everywhere I'm treated well.
But pray, good lady Truth, why go
About in such a naked show ?
For one's own good, I think it best
To be, at least, a little dress'd.
Our int'rest, as you plainly see,
Should make as one, both you and me.
Beneath my cloak, then, come and hide,
And thus let's journey, side by side.
If you the sage, shall with me greet,
I shall not be refused ;
With me, when, with the fool, you meet,
You will not be abused.

Thus, thanks to your great share of sense,
Thanks to my portion small,
Together we will journey hence,
And please the taste of all.

THE ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. N. BODENSTEDT.

The Nightingale, once, thus complained,
While droop'd his head, with aspect weary :
What serves it that my song is cheery ;
 My notes so loudly, sweetly flowing,
While dress'd I am in plumes so dreary,
 And not in Rose's beauty glowing ?

The Rose, once, also, thus complained :
How shall my life to me give pleasure ?
What serves it that, in greatest measure,
 I beauty have—by all confess'd—
Whilst, of the Nightingale's sweet treasure,
 Alas, I cannot be possess'd ?

Then Mirza Schaffy interposed :
Advice, I pray you, let me tender ;
Thou, queenly Rose, of perfum'd splendor,
Thou, Nightingale, of notes enchanting,
Unite your charms, and to me render
The lure that in my song is wanting.

THE ROSE AND THISTLE.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. N. BODENSTEDT.

Thus to the Rose, the Thistle :
Why art thou not of Thistle-breed ?
 Of use thou'dst, then, be truly,
For asses might upon thee feed.

To Nightingale, the Gander :
Why art thou not a useful beast,
 Thy blood and life to offer,
As I, that man might on thee feast ?

The Snob said to the Poet :
Of song, what hath the country need ?
 In labor, use thy muscles,
And follow me, in word and deed.

Oh Gander, Snob and Thistle !
Be still, and let me say to you :
In working, he acts nobly,
Who does just what he's fit to do.

While one, with hand is toiling,
The other sings with swelling breast,
So has it been forever ;
So each is pleased, and each is bless'd.

How sweetly, Mirza Schaffy,
Thy simple words of wisdom ring !
Thou mak'st thy song a sermon !
Thy sermon thou dost deftly sing.

THE BUTTERFLY ON THE ROSE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF G. BERTOLA.

A butterfly in gold arrayed,
While seated on a rose, one day,
Had vanity enough to say:
“ For me, yes, me, the rose was made ! ”
And then—her painted wings spread out—
She look’d disdainfully about,
And thinking she, a queen must be,
Kept saying in the greatest glee,
While her adornments she display’d :
“ For me, yes me, the rose was made ! ”

But while my Lady Butterfly,
Upon her throne, thus proudly spake,
A country girl came tripping by,
Who spied and wish’d the rose to take ;

And, having, of her right, no doubt,
She, quietly, her hand puts out,
And snaps up rose and golden wings,
And, with them, skips away and sings.

To grief, the boastful, as you see,
Will thus, themselves, sometimes expose.
Be careful, dear, lest you may be
A butterfly upon a rose.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA FONTAINE.

An Oak said to a Reed, of yore :
“ You may against Dame Nature charges grave
advance,
For, to your feeble stalk, the wren’s a burden sore,
And the least wind which, e’er, perchance,
Disturbs the shadows of yon shore,
Obliges you to bow your form,
Whilst to the clouds, my branches, like Caucasus, run ;
And, not content to stop the radiance of the sun,
I brave the efforts of the storm.
What tempests, seem to you, to me, but zephyrs are.
Still, were you born beneath my foliage kind,
’Neath which, so many shelter find,
Less harm you’d have to fear, by far ;
I could defend you from the wind ;
But, for the most part, you are found
Upon the damp and open ground.

"I think Dame Nature is quite hard to you, indeed."

"Your great compassion, Sir," replied the gentle Reed,

"Comes from good nature, without doubt; but cease your care,

To me, the winds are far less dang'rous than to you;
I bend and do not break. You still are standing there,

And Boreas' rage, have mock'd, 'tis true,
Nor bent, when he has fiercest sped.

But let us wait the end." These words were scarcely said,

When, from the far-off hills, in growing wrath descends

The direst gale that e'er the North
Had mercilessly from his sides, o'er earth, let forth.

The Oak stands firm; the meek Reed bends.
On speeds the wind with force more dread,
And soon compels on earth to lie,
Him, whose unyielding head, so lately touch'd the sky,
Whose feet were planted in the region of the dead.

THE CREATION OF THE DANDY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A monkey, once, it came to pass,
Found in his way, a looking glass,
And straight approach'd, his face to view.
“Zounds, what a nose ! How flat ! Oh, fugh !
I'm ugly as an imp !” cried he,
“Oh master of the gods ! In grace,
Do change the hideous form I see,
Yet leave my talent for grimace !”
Great Jove replied : “ I grant the thing ;
Look ! Do you like the form I bring ? ”
The ape, now, to a parrot changed,
Beholds his dress so well arranged,
And likes his plumes and prattle well ;
But on the glass his image fell.
“ Pest ! Mighty Jove, Oh what a look,

This bill doth give, this horrid hook !
Grant me some other form less vile ! ”
Jove was, by luck, in mood to smile ;
So, to a peacock, changed our ape,
Who, now, doth swell and strut and gape,
Pleased in the glass, himself, to greet.
But, ah the luck ! He spies his feet !
And, now, our hero, much distress'd,
Again, to Jove, sends his request.
“ You weary me, with conduct such ;
Already have I granted much,
Your character preserving too,
In every change, I've pass'd you through ;
But will, to end all further prayer,
Bestow a form surpassing fair.”
And Ape's a fop, e'er Jove is done,
He, of four Natures, making one.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A Vi'let, on the meadow grew,
That no one saw, that no one knew,
It was a modest flower.
A Shepherdess pass'd by that way—
Light-footed, pretty and so gay;
That way she came,
Softly warbling forth her lay.

“ Oh would I were now,” thought the flower,
“ The fairest bud of some fair bower,
Only for a moment, that
Snatch'd I might be by this maid,
Bleeding, on her bosom laid,
Ah, only ah,
Only for a moment laid !”

But, ah, but, ah ! On tripp'd the maid,
Nor thought, nor look the Vi'let paid,
But stepp'd upon the flower.
It sank and died. With breath, yet sweet,
“ I die,” it said, “ yet death I greet,
With joy, through her,
Through her, and at her feet.”

E P I G R A M .

S P R I N G .

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DE' ROSSI.

Love, saucily, with Spring, once jested,
Because, so soon, she was divested
Of all her flow'ry treasures.
“Don’t boast,” said Spring, “of your great
powers,
For any one can see your pleasures
Endure no longer than my flowers.”

DORI AND CORIDON.

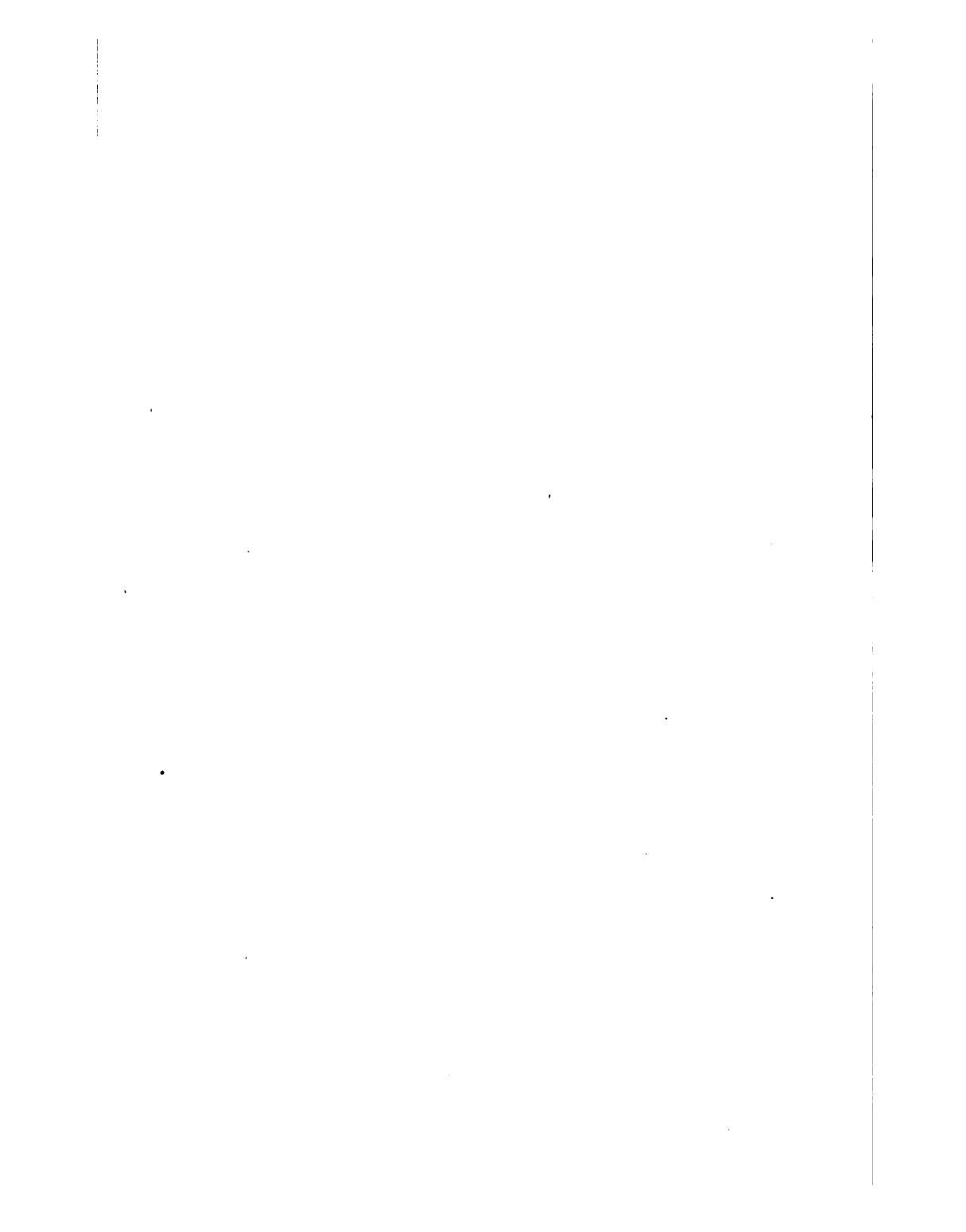
FROM THE ITALIAN OF DE' ROSSI.

Once, when by a rose-thorn wounded,
Was the young and sprightly Dori,
Straight, she to the Shepherds bounded,
Weeping, telling them her story.
Coridon towards her bending—
More than mere complaisance showing—
Spake, alas, with heart o'erladen :
Don't you know that thorns, attending,
Watch the rose, while budding, blowing ?
Ah, indeed, replied the maiden,
Ah, indeed, I must believe so,
But this rose, that makes me grieve so,
With a treachery transcendent,
Oh, with arts so base, insidious,
Hid those stings, those things perfidious ;
And when I, with hope attendant,

Reach'd to pluck—to pluck, all fearless,
Pluck a rose, all thornless, peerless—
Pluck—upon my breast to wear it—
Oh, it stung me! Curse it! Curse it!

Coridon, upon her turning,
Thus replied, still smiling sadly :
When, on thee I first look'd madly—
When, on thee, my eyes fell burning—
Oh, I learn'd then, charming Dori,
Cruelty is woman's glory.
Beauty that, but for the senses,
Pleasures lavishly dispenses,
Like the rose—mid leaves abiding—
Ever holds its sting in hiding.
I, alas, by love incited,
Saw, in thee, all good united.
But how sad, how sad my story,
Oh thou know'st, thou charming Dori!
But I neither curse, nor chide thee.
Mourning, in my heart, I'll hide thee.

IV.



SIR TANNHÄUSER.

A LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

My friend, lest you may think you're safe
While Satan's tricks you're scorning,
Tannhäuser's love, I'll sing to you
And thus afford fair warning.

Tannhäuser was a valiant knight,
Who long'd for love and pleasure,
So, sett'ling down in Venusburg,
Staid seven years, good measure,

“ Dame Venus, Oh my lady fair,”
Said he, his dame addressing,
“ With your permission, I'll be off,
Good bye; I leave my blessing.”

“ Tannhäuser, dear, my noble knight,
 What have I done to grieve thee ?
How have I sinn'd against thy love,
 To cause thee thus to leave me ?

“ Pray, have I not, the sweetest wine,
 Dispensed unto thee daily ?
And have I not, with roses fresh,
 Thy head kept crown'd so gaily ? ”

“ Dame Venus, oh, my lady fair,
 Of love and wines and pleasure
My soul, at last, hath weary grown,
 Now seek I heavenly treaure.

“ We've joked and laugh'd and trifl'd much.
 Repentance, now, doth wring me,
And, 'stead of roses on my head,
 A crown of thorns should sting me.”

“ Tannhäuser, dear, my noble knight,
 'Tis but thy wish to prove me.
Hast thou not sworn, a thousand times,
 Thou, evermore, would'st love me ?

“ Oh come, and let us always love,
 Oh come and kiss and pet me,
This heart, Tannhäuser, is thine own,
 Let no blue devils fret thee !

“ Dame Venus, Oh my lady love,
 Thy charms are never dying.
For thee, already, scores have sigh'd,
 And scores will yet be sighing.

“ What gods and heroes are there not,
 That midst thy charms have rested ?
For me, thank heav'n, my lady fair,
 Of charms, thou'rt now divested.

“ In fact, thy beauteous face and form,
 I cannot bear the sight of,
When thinking of how many yet
 They'll be the mad delight of.”

“ Tannhäuser, dear, my noble knight,
 How can'st thou thus abuse me ?
'T were kindlier with thy hand to strike
 Than with thy tongue thus use me.

“ Far rather would I have thee strike,
 Than utter words so soiling,
 Words that thy better feelings hate,
 Oh words my heart despoiling !

“ Because, too dearly, thee I love,
 I listen to thy slander.
 Go, then, good bye ! Thou’lt think of me,
 Wherever thou mayst wander.”

II.

One day, in Rome—that holy town—
 There was a grand procession,
 When, ’mid most pious shouts, the Pope
 Attended to confession.

Pope Urban ’twas that pass’d along,
 The triple crown, too, wearing,
 With purple robes about his form,
 His train, the barons bearing.

“ Oh holy father ! ” cried a knight,—
 It was Tannhäuser shrieking—
 “ Help, help ! From hell, thou sav’dst me once—
 My soul, the devil seeking ! ”

The grand procession stopp'd amazed.
The Pope was discontented,
And growling, ask'd who that might be
So prostrate and tormented.

“Oh holy father ! thou can’t bind
And loose, make rough or level ;
Oh save me from the pangs of hell,
From woman and the devil !

“The brave Tannhäuser, I am call’d.
I long’d for love and pleasure,
And, ah, I stopp’d in Venusburg,
Ah, seven years good measure.

“Dame Venus was my lady love,
And her’s are wondrous powers ;
Her smiles, the very sunshine are ;
Her breath, the breath of flowers.

“As butterfly about the rose,
Will fondly, madly hover,
So have I hung upon her lips,
Her fond, her madden’d lover.

“ Black are the locks about her face,
Luxuriantly depending ;
Her eyes, like witch’s on one fall,
The very breath suspending.

“ A glance from those resistless eyes,
Oh father, it would burn thee !
Ah, how I had to fight and fight
From that fierce glance to turn me !

“ Though, from that glance, I fled away,
I cannot rid me of it ;
And everywhere, I see those eyes :
‘ Come back ! Come back ! ’ they bid me.

“ A wretched ghost am I by day,
And ghosts, by night, deride me.
In every form, in dreams, she comes,
And sits, the hours, beside me.

“ In happy laugh, she opes those lips—
Those lips with pearls inlying—
And when I hear that ringing laugh,
My eyes grow blind with crying.

“ I love her with almighty love—
A love o'er reason gaining—
A love that, like a Water-fall,
Contemns, defies restraining.—

“ A Water-fall that o'er the cliffs
Goes leaping, foaming, roaring,
And breaks its neck a thousand times,
And still goes pouring, pouring.

“ If I were monarch of the spheres
She should control me, even;
The sun I'd give her and the moon,
And all the starry heaven !

“ I love her, oh, with burning love—
A love so fierce, so dire !
Is this the hell they talk about,
The everlasting fire ?

“ Oh, holy father, thou can't bind,
And loose, make rough or level ;
Oh save me from the pangs of hell,
From woman and the devil !”

The Pope, his hand, in pity, raised,
Soon as the knight had spoken.

“Tannhäuser! wretched man!” cried he.
“The spell cannot be broken!

“This woman, whom thou Venus call’st,
Is Satan’s fav’rite dutchess.
To save thee, I can never more,
From out her velvet clutches.

“With thy poor soul, thou, now must pay
For thy delights infernal!
Lost, lost thou art! Lost, lost and damn’d
To flames of hell eternal!”

III.

Tannhäuser, now, ran back so fast,
His feet became sore wounded.
He reach’d, however, Venusburg,
Ere midnight bell had sounded.

Dame Venus, from her sleep awakes,
And from her bedroom races,
And in her arms, so lily-white,
Her darling knight, embraces.

Forth from her eyes, the hot tears flow ;
Her cheeks, with hot blood, tingle ;
The tears and blood, upon his cheek,
Their grateful warmth commingle.

Without one word, the weary knight,
Down on the mattress, settles ;
Dame Venus to the kitchen flies,
To seek the pans and kettles.

She brings him broth ; she brings him bread ;
His wounded feet 'tends neatly ;
She combs and parts his tangl'd hair,
And laughs the while so sweetly.

“ Tannhäuser, dear, my noble knight,
How sad I've been, how weary !
Oh tell me now ; where have you been ?
What have you seen, my deary ? ”

“ Dame Venus, dear, my lady love,
In Italy I've tarried,
Some bus'ness that I had in Rome
Me, 'gainst my will, there carried.

On seven hills, proud Rome is built.
The Tiber flows straight through it.
I told the pope how good you were,
He kindly said ; he knew it.

Returning, then, I Florence saw ;
Milan, then, through I rambled.
Up hill, down dale and pell-mell, then,
O'er Switzerland I scrambled.

Upon the Alps, oh, how it snow'd !
What freezing, too, what thawing !
And while the blue lakes smiled on me,
The eagles eyed me, cawing.

On Saint Gothard, dear, on my word,
I heard all Deutschland snoring ; .
It sleeps 'neath six and thirty kings,
Their lager inward pouring.

Then Suabia's poet school I saw—
What lovely little models !
Why, dear, they sat on three-legg'd stools,
Fools' caps upon their noddles !

On Sunday, I, at Frankfort stopp'd,
Ate meat, you'd say, in dribblets ;
Religion, there, is of the best,
Yes, dear, and so their giblets.

In Weimar, at the Muses' shrine,
I heard a great complaining,
For Death, while Goethe taking off,
Left Eckermann remaining.

In Potsdam rose a fearful noise,
As if a pig were throttled ;
They said, dear, famous speaker Gans,
A speech, had just unbottled.

The Hanoverians fill our jails,
Their home-spun justice slipping.
Our jails, we need, dear, for ourselves,
Moreover, tools for whipping.

I ask'd in Hamburg whence the smells,
So num'rous and ill sorted.
Both Jews and Christians said they were
By foreign ships imported.

That goodly town, by godless men,
Is not, yet, quite forsaken ;
I thought, when on the Bourse, I came,
The jail had play-day taken.

Altona, dear, I saw as well :
It still preserves its glory--
I'm sleepy, dear, some other time
I'll go on with my story."

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Out of doors, how cold ! How dreary !
How the storm, its rage maintains !
Here, within my room, so cheery,
Peace, with warmth and safety, reigns.

Thoughtful, rest I on my settle,
While, upon the glowing hearth,
Boiling, hums the tuneful kettle
Songs of olden days of mirth.

And my cat, while sweetly napping,
Warms herself before the fire,
And the flames, the kettle wrapping,
Me, with pleasant thoughts, inspire :

Thoughts—the veriest intruders—
Images of times long gone—
Dressed like motley masqueraders,
Dresses faded, glories shorn.

Women fair send artful glances ;
Blink in sweet mysterious ways ;
Harlequin amidst them dances,
Jumps and laughs and madly plays.

Forms in marbles and in metals—
Cupids, Psyches—on me beam ;
Fairy flowers, too, whose petals,
In the quiet moonlight, gleam.

In the distance, some old tower
Lifts itself 'mid domes and spires :
'Round its ramparts, prance and scour
Steel-clad templars, with their squires.

White wing'd, like some ocean rover,
Sad as monks beneath their cowls—
Ah ! The kettle's boiling over,
And the cat in terror howls.

WARNING TO A WRITER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Let not from your pen escape, sir,
Lines like these, lest you be ruin'd.
Are you seeking gold and honor ?
You must cringe and bow and scrape sir.

Look well to your own salvation :
Speak not thus before the people ;
Speak not thus before the priesthood,
Nor to those in highest station.

Lost, you are, aye lost, I fear sir.
For long arms, long arms have princes,
And long tongues, long tongues, the priesthood,
And the people have long ears, sir.

MULEDOM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Thy sire, as all people know,
A jackass was, with shaggy hair ;
Thy dam, though, on the other hand
Was known for a full blooded mare.

Such was thy pedigree, no doubt ;
Thou wilt not question it, of course.
But, still, thou hast a perfect right
To claim descent from some good horse.

To Alexander's far-famed steed
Thou might'st go back; or even brag
Thy ancestors, in armor clad,
March'd 'neath the old Crusader's flag.

That, even, thou wert near akin
To that high stepping horse of yore,
Which; to the Holy Sepulchre,
The famous Godfrey bore.

Say, e'en, that knightly Bayard's horse
Thy kinsman was; say that thy aunt
The val'rous Don Quixote bore—
That wond'rous mare, brave Rosinante.

If Sancho Panza's little beast
Was kinsman, on thy father's side,
Thou can'st deny it; so the ass
Whereon our Lord was said to ride.

Thou need'st not, on thy coat of arms,
Display, forsooth, a great long ear;
Set thine own value on thyself.
At any price, thou wilt be dear.

CONSOLATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

Great Brutus slept, just as we sleep ;
But, once, he rose and down, down deep,
Through Cæsar's breast a knife he hurried,
Oh, how these Romans, tyrants, worried !

We are not Romans, for, we smoke.
As diff'rent tastes, have diff'rent folk,
So each may something boast in story.
And dumplings are the Suabians' glory.

We Teutons are both stout and brave ;
And sleep as if snug in the grave.
We wake and thirst ; but fact convinces
We thirst not for the blood of princes.

True are we as our Oaks so green,
With Lindens, growing all between.
A land where Oaks and Lindens flourish
Will ne'er a Brutus need to nourish.

If here, one had a Brutus' mind,
He never could a Cæsar find.
He might for Cæsar shout, till shoutless;
Good gingerbread might come; yes, doubtless.

We have, too, six and thirty kings.
Too many? No! and each one strings,
About his breast, a star, him keeping
From Ides of March, awake or sleeping.

We call them Fathers. Fatherland,
We call the ground on which we stand.
These kings, of course, all have their own ways.
We Sauerkraut, also Bolognas.

And when our king goes out to ride,
We doff our hats and step aside.
'Neath Deutschland's sun, safe may we bask all;
No Cæsar's here; no cut-throat rascal!

ILLUSIONS.

A DIALOGUE ON THE PADERBORN HEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

“ Hear’st thou not soft strains here stealing
As from harps and viols given?
Maidens in the waltz are reeling,
Angels dance to notes from Heaven !

“ Gad sir ! ’Tis your brain a reeling!
I can’t hear a single fiddle ;
Somewhere, there’s a pig a squealing.
Hogs, I guess, can solve this riddle.

“ Hark ! The mellow horns are sounding !
Huntsmen to the chase are going.
See the lambkins, skipping, bounding !
List to shepherds, piping sweetly !

“ Pipes the devil, sir! You’re crazy!
That’s no huntsman’s horn a blowing;
'Tis a swineherd, fat and lazy,
Home, with sow and pigs, a going.

“ Hark! The breeze is gently bringing
Songs of Heav’nly inspiration;
Angels, all around us winging,
Testify their approbation.

“ Humph! my man, you must be dreaming;
Otherwise, of course, 'tis lying.
What you hear is boys a screaming
At the geese, before them flying.

“ Hear the bells, from village steeple,
Notes so softly, sweetly sending!
See the sober, godly people,
Churchward, reverently wending!

“ Mercy on us! Bells! Oh surely!
Cow-bells, most abominable!
Cows and oxen, all, demurely
Saint-like, wending to their stable.

“ See the bridal veil there flutt’ring !
 Softly, o’er the grass, they’re treading ;
Honied words of love, they’re mutt’ring ;
 See them going to the wedding !

“ Zounds ! my man, you’ve lost your senses !
 That’s old Lize that so much touches
Your poor soul ! Lize, worst of wenches,
 Going for her grog, on crutches !

“ Friend, thy words are sweet intrusion
 On the fancies I’ve been venting ;
Can’t thou make this all illusion
 Which is now, my soul, tormenting ?

SORROW COMFORTED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

The maid stood by the sea.
And oh, so deeply sighed ;
For sad was she to see,
The sun sink 'neath the tide.

Sweet maiden, sigh no more ;
This happens, oft, you'll find.
Though down he sinks before,
Up will he come behind.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

FROM THE AUSTRIAN.

“ Wife, wife, go thou home,
For thy man is ill.”
“ Is he ill?
'Tis God's will.
My dear Franz,
One more dance,
Then will I go home.”

“ Wife, wife, go thou home,
For thy man is worse.”
“ Is he worse?
'Tis God's curse.
My dear Franz,
One more dance,
Then will I go home.”

“Wife, wife, go thou home;
Thy man's near his end.”

“Near his end?

A godsend.

My dear Franz,
One more dance,
Then will I go home.”

“Wife, wife, go thou home,
For thy man is dead.”

“Is he dead?

I'll re-wed.

My dear Franz,
One more dance,
Then will I go home.”

“Wife, wife, go thou home,
Thy man's in his grave.”

“In his grave?

God him save!

My dear Franz,
One more dance,
Then will I go home.”

“ Wife, wife, go thou home,
Hans is there for thee.”
“ There for me ?
Tu-ral-le !
My dear Franz,
No more dance,
For I'll now go home ! ”

T H E O N L Y F A U L T .

FROM THE DUTCH OF BELLAMY.

Nature, on my Chloris lavish,
Gave her what must hearts e'er ravish :
Gave a form of grace transcendent ;
Eyes of brilliancy resplendent ;
Cheeks where rose and lily blended ;
And, what these the more commended,
Gave her, too, a charming spirit,
Adding—which was no small merit—
Talent deftly to expose it ;
But, alas ! my Chloris knows it !

THE DISCOMFORTS OF OLD AGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

In gardens, yes, I know 'tis very fine
To see those fruits that come from Persian groves ;
To smell, in peace, the juices and the wines,
 And eat, moreover, what one loves.
I like a pheasant, when 'tis roasted right.
And, ah, a partridge, e'er my bosom moves ;
But now, alas, I have no appetite.

And in the air, beneath the blue expanse,
On flow'ry banks 'neath shade of trees,
I love so much, with charming nymphs to dance !
 But who can do it with stiff knees ?

I love their eyes, their figures, tears and fears ;
I love their songs and smiles and wit so smart ;

But these, alas, require eyes and ears.
'Tis hard, when one has nothing but a heart.

Like me, you'll all become, when at my age,
Ye bishops, abbes, purpled cardinals,
 Ye princes, kings and generals,
All, all, in time, will grow most sadly sage.
Our pleasures serve us, only for a day.
In life's short course, alas, what do we see?
 Mere trifles passing soon away.
Oh Jove, in making us, thou did'st display
 A little bit of pleasantry!

MY CONTEMPORARY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

You claim, we are of equal age.
'Tis something Love had ne'er believed.
If you are right, the Fates, I'd wage,
Your thread of life, with mine, have weav'd.

These dames have shared—me, it appalls—
'Twixt us, the years, like other things—
To me the Winters and the Falls;
To you the Summers and the Springs.

THE BAPTISM OF VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

Around the church, vast crowds arise.
The priests, in great commotion, run ;
It is a boy they would baptize—
The royal Treas'lers infant son.
The curate, more éclat to bring,
In person, bids the beadle : “Ring.”
Ding-dong ! Ding-dong bell !
Ring, ring, ring the great bell !
Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
Dong ! Dong !

The curate says, with smiling face :
“ This baptism will, I hope and pray,
Re-gild our cross and sacred vase,
Our candlesticks, *et cetera* ;

And, may be, if I manage well,
 I'll get enough for one more bell!"
 Ding-dong! Ding-dong bell!
 Ring, ring, ring the great bell!
 Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
 Dong! Dong!

"Ah!" cries a chorister, "Ah, Ah!"
 I hope that, having us well paid,
 This child may, like his good papa,
 A warden of the church be made;
 That wealth and honor be his lot,
 And he a warden, without spot!"
 Ding-dong! Ding-dong bell!
 Ring, ring, ring the great bell!
 Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
 Dong! Dong!

A handsome priest said low to the
 God-mother: "Ah what eyes!
 Madame, you certainly must be
 An angel sent down from the skies!"

A child that has an angel's care,
Must, of an angel's goodness share."

Ding-dong ! Ding-dong bell !
Ring, ring, ring the great bell !
Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
Dong ! Dong !

" His mother's faith," a deacon said,
" He'll have ; and she will, with him, plead ;
And, to the pulpit, he'll be led,
To battle for the Christian creed.
Who knows ? His voice may yet provoke
The torch, the faggot and the smoke ! "

Ding-dong ! Ding-dong bell !
Ring, ring, ring the great bell !
Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
Dong ! Dong !

Down from the sky, a phantom comes—
'Tis Rabelais—that scoffer bold—
Who cries aloud : " From these dull tomes
I chanted in the choirs of old,

And, o'er this infant you baptize,
 God bids me, now, a prophet rise ! ”

Ding-dong ! Ding-dong bell !
 Ring, ring, ring the great bell !
 Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
 Dong ! Dong !

“ His name, sir, is Francois Marie ! ”
 The God-papa shouts, from the fount.
 “ Yes,” said the phantom ; “ that may be,
 Still, that is of but small account ;
 For Fame intends that he shall bear,
 In times to come, the name : Voltaire ! ”

Ding-dong ! Ding-dong bell !
 Ring, ring, ring the great bell !
 Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
 Dong ! Dong !

“ In time, there'll grow within this brat
 A genius that, with pen and ink,
 Will work a reformation that
 Shall Luther, likewise Calvin sink.

With Prejudice, he'll boldly cope,
And, then, look out! my lord the Pope!"

Ding-dong! Ding-dong bell!
Ring, ring, ring the great bell!
Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Dong! Dong!

"Turn out this Rabelais, I pray!"

The curate cries, now quite irate,
"Out with him! Out! Away! Away!
Why should we here a-hunger'd wait?
Baptize the child! we want our grub!
Baptize him, be he Beelzebub!"
Ding-dong! Ding-dong bell!
Ring, ring, ring the great bell!
Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Dong! Dong!

WHERE GOES MY MONEY?

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. B. L. G. GAUDY.

Where goes my money, is the daily query.
I ask it vainly, morning, noon and night.
Though often asked, yet never grew I weary
Of looking at my purse, thinking I might
Some hole there find. There's none. Ye golden
pieces !
Oh whither gone? Here did ye clink and flash
This morn. Then was I rich and proud as Crœsus :
Now, poor as church mouse, I! Where goes my
cash ?

In my account book, note I all my earnings ;
For order is, with me, almost a crime.
With what astonishment, and what heart-burnings,
I ask : Where goes my cash, in such short time ?

My uncle and the editors pay fairly;
And, unbelieving world, for all my trash
Booksellers pay me what I ask, and squarely.

Now don't forget it! But, where goes my cash?

I am discreet, and live like that great doctor
Of Sans-Souci—Save always *Sans Six Sous*—
Were I unsteady; were I rolling stock, or
Else reproachable, I'd then make no ado.
Look here! my chamber's on the lowest floor sir.
Who, more than I, himself at home, doth hold?
I'm never out, save with a friend—or more—sir.
Can't I then justly ask: Where goes my gold?

I never play. And God forbid, at Faro
That I should lose! These things have pass'd
away.
To a few games a year, my sport, I narrow;
And for a trifle only do I play.
My gains, I can't deny, are sometimes—slender.
Somehow, my cards and fortune often clash;
And yet the banker has a conscience tender.
But, still, the question is: Where goes my cash?

I never drink. 'Tis, still, I think judicious,
 A hundred oysters, now and then, to eat.
And with them, Burgundy is most delicious;
 It helps digestion ; makes one's slumber sweet.
That oysters do not grow in ev'ry puddle,
 And that, at such high prices, should be sold,
Is not my bus'ness, and helps not my muddle.
 The question always is : Where goes my gold ?

That I, for women should become indebted,
 Could never be ! What ! Buy a lady's love ?
Perhaps, Matilda, for a hat has fretted ;
 Or parasol, or neatly fitting glove ;
Or for a watch, or for a fine lace collar ;
 Or something else, to help her cut a dash.
Of course, I give—'tis, now and then—a dollar
 And, yet, I can't but ask : Where goes my cash ?

T H E W O R L D.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN B. ROUSSEAU.

This World is but a comedy, at best,
To which each one his diff'rent talent brings.
Upon the stage, all for their parts full dress'd
Appear—Priests, Statesmen, Generals and Kings.
But we, the people, vile and worthless things—
Held by the great as somewhat in their way—
Must huddle in the pit and hear the play.
Our part's to pay, and that we never miss.
But when the farce is poor, we say our say ;
And for our money, we, the actors, hiss.

THE POOR POET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER.

A Poet sleek and round and sprightly,
With face as long as it was broad,
And like the full moon shining brightly,
The hardness of the times deplored,
As one by one, his wants he scored.

“A joke upon us you are trying,”
Now some one standing by him cries.
“That you’re well fed, there’s no denying,
And then your face, the full-moon vieing,
Your words apparently belies.”

“Ah,” said the Poet, sadder growing,
“For all the health and fat you see,
And for my full-moon face, ah me,
Still to my hostess am I owing.”

SELF-CONTENT.

A SONG OF MIRZA SCHAFFY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. M. BODENSTEDT.

I walk'd a town, once, round and round
And many evil tongues I found,
For everybody did, his neighbor,
In most outrageous terms belabor ;
But while this was their chief employment,
Of life they seem'd to have enjoyment.

THE DILIGENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF F. B. GAUDY.

Hoy! Hoy! Get out there! Clear the way!

The crowd obeys the shout,

And everyone cries out:

“ Holla now! What’s to pay?

It must be some grand foreign-born milor,

Or some great prince or some ambassador!”

The carriage stops; the crowd becomes more dense.

It is—the Diligence!

And, now, all push and stare and grin,

And strive to see whate’er they can.

Oh dear there’s not a soul within!

’Tis emptiness that makes the din!

As oft we find in man!

VOLTAIRE'S EPITAPH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERICK II, KING OF PRUSSIA.

Here lies notorious Voltaire,
Alas, a most prodigious knave !
So cunning too. With utmost care,
Consulted he his own welfare.
In passing elsewhere, through the grave,
By crossing river Acheron,

He will so chaffer then about the fare,
That Hell's old ferryman, Charon,
Will, with one mighty kick, behind put on,
To Earth return him, through the sulph'rous air.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE J. DE BERANGER.

Wherfore these flow'rs? To make me glad?

Ah no; they're only sent to say:
A half a hundred years—'tis sad—

Completed are, for me, to-day.
Ah me, how rapid is Time's flight!
And how its loss doth make me rage!
And oh, these wrinkles! What a sight!

Alas, I'm fifty years of age!

How ev'ry thing, at this age, mocks!
The roses mid their sweetness fade.
Hark! at my door somebody knocks!
I'll keep it shut—my part is play'd—

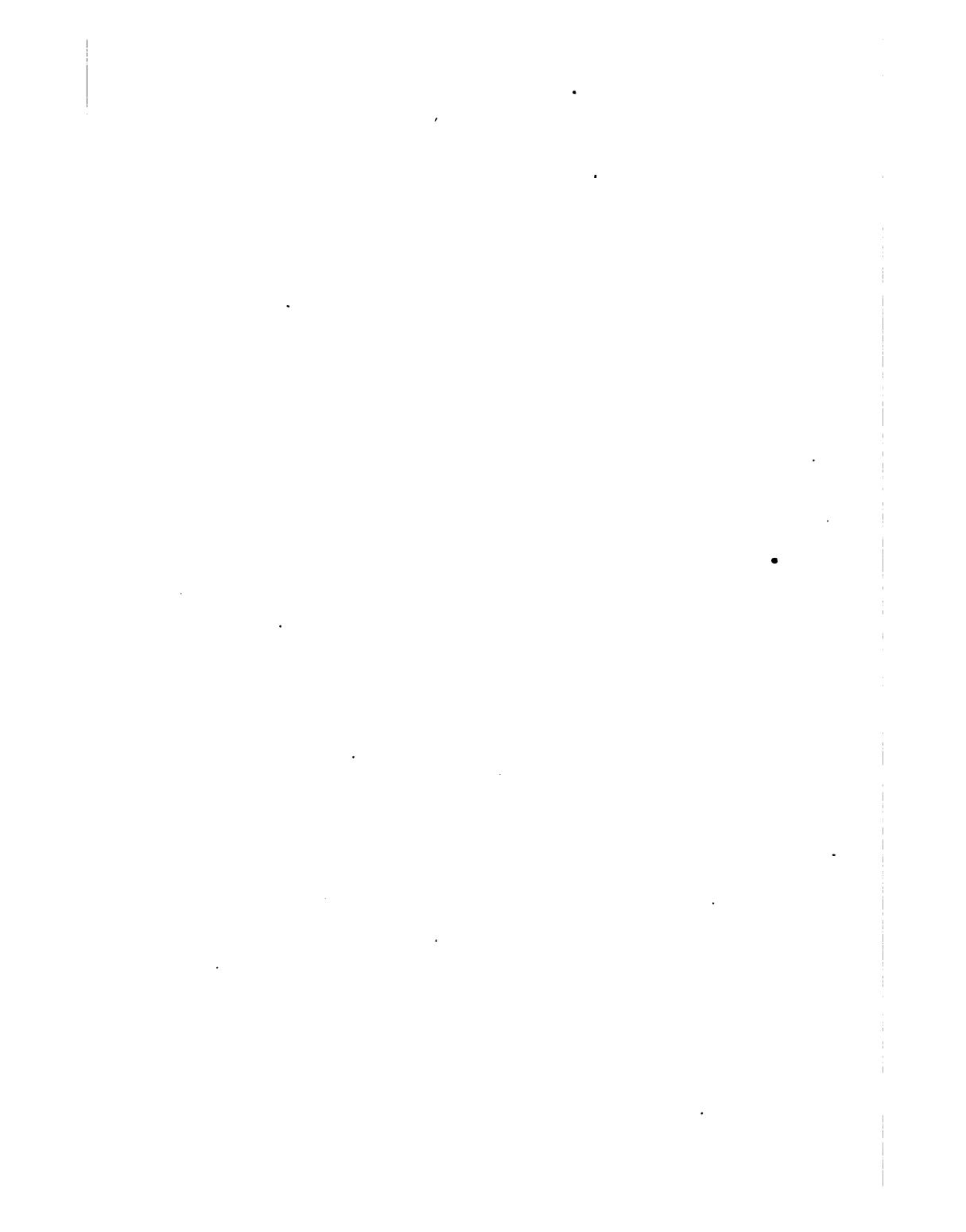
The doctor 'tis, who wants to get
My patronage ; yes, that I'll wage.
I would have said, once : " That's Lizette ! "
Alas ! I'm fifty years of age !

In vile diseases, age abounds :
Gout slays a man in horrid style ;
Blindness is prison most profound ;
And Deafness always draws a smile.
Then Reason—lamp that smokes and flares—
Goes always out, at this sad stage.
My child, give honor to grey hairs !
Alas ! I'm fifty years of age !

Hark ! Death, I hear in joyous tones,
Now coming ! Yes, his step I know !
Hark ! At my door, with fleshless bones,
He knocks ! Good-bye, all things below !
Good-bye, War, Famine, raging Pest !
The skies now one more star engage ;
I'll go where I can be at rest.
Alas ! I'm fifty years of age.

What ! Is it you ? Oh friend to me !
 Of Charity, oh Sister fair !
My sleeping soul you have set free
 From, ah, a terrible nightmare !
The roses of your youth, you bring
 To scent the dreamings of a sage ;
More sweet you are, more fair, than Spring !
 Alas ! I'm fifty years of age !

V.



THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRE CHENIER.

On its stalk grows the grain, with no fear of the
blade;
And through Summer, the Vine of the press, not
afraid,
 Receives the sweet gift of the sky.
So am I, too, still young and still litesome and
bright;
And though everything here can but fill me with
fright,
 I wish not thus early to die.

Let the Stoic all tearless bid welcome to death.
I can weep and still hope. To the storm's chilling
breath,
 Bow down and again lift my head.
If the days now are dark, there'll be bright ones, I
trust.
Where's the honey, alas, that ne'er left a disgust?
 What sea hath the storm always fled?

In my breast, fruitful Fancy will always remain ;
And the walls of a prison inclose me in vain.

The wings of sweet Hope are still strong !
From the fowler's snare free, and up-soaring on high,
With more life and more joy, in the fields of the sky,
The nightingale sends forth her song !

Must then, death be my lot ? With what calmness
I sleep !

And how calmly awake ! Nor can grief, howe'er
deep.

My slumbers or watchings, destroy.
With a smile, ev'ry eye gives me welcome to day ;
And to hearts, in these places, to sorrow, a prey,
My presence appears to give joy.

Oh, my journey is yet very far from its end !
Of the Elm-trees that, over my path, shadows send,
I've pass'd hardly even the first.
At the banquet of life, yet so slightly progress'd,
But an instant alone, have my lips fondly press'd
The cup, for whose contents I thirst.

I have seen only Spring. I would see Summer, too.
As the Sun, in his course, all the Seasons must view,
 So, also, I'd finish my year.
As the garden's chief pride, on my tender twig
 borne,
I have witness'd, as yet, but the first light of morn.
 That light, I would see disappear.

Still awhile, thou canst wait Death! Away from my
 sight!
Go, console the poor spirits who shame and affright,
 And dismal despair will not fly!
For me Pales hath bowers, the rivers along;
So hath Love, too, sweet kisses, the Muses have song!
 Oh no, I do not wish to die!

Thus, tho' sad and immured, my poor lyre I strung,
As I heard these complaints from an anguish'd
 heart wrung—
 These pray'rs of a young Captive maid.
And forgetting my chains, and alive but to love;
I essay'd the sweet accents in measure to move—
 Sweet accents from lips that must fade!

Should my prison's poor song, some gallant e'er
inspire
To examine these vaults, with the tender desire
 Of giving this maiden the light;
As the rose, by its sweets, e'en so her, will he trace,
And a length'ning of days will he ask of God's grace,
 Should his be this flower so bright !

* The subject of this poem was the Countess de Coigny. It was written in prison, by Chenier, a short time before his execution.

THE BETROTHED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES H. MILLEVOYE.

The day to night began to wear.
The birds were silent in the glade ;
The bell that call'd to evening prayer
Its final stroke had long since made.
My pathway lost, and no one near,
To give assistance in my need,
Now going there, returning here,
With not a sound upon my ear
Except the trampling of my steed,

Without a warning met my view,
A beauteous maid with footsteps slow.
“Where is,” I cried, “the avenue
That leads me to the old chateau ?”
She pointed out a hidden lane,
And bade me all its windings heed :

“ You’re safe when, once, the hill you gain.”
She spoke so sweetly, I was fain
To leap from off my chafing steed.

“ Sweet shepherdess, what, at this hour,
Can bring thee ’neath so dark a sky ?
Where, tell me, is thy fairy bow’r,
And let us there together hie ;
Or here beside me, take a place,
Beneath this Hazel tree, I plead ;
For, ah, I love that beauteous face ;
Come, while around these boughs I lace
The bridle of my fuming steed.”

“ Oh no ; she said, “ my troth is pledged ;
In eight days, Roche will marry me.”
And then, her hand in mine close-wedged,
She drew away so tenderly.
“ Poor Lize ! ” she moan’d with look so sad.
“ Ah then,” I said, “ I wish, indeed,
To see perform’d these nuptials glad ;
And to the kirk, if I am bade,
Will guide the footsteps of my steed.”

“Then come,” so sadly cried the maid,
“But you will pity me.” “Why so?”
“I had a tender friend,” she said,
“They drove him from me, and, ah, woe,
Dark days are mine; I seek, in vain,
The last; Oh may it quickly speed!”
I pitied now her obvious pain;
Resolv’d to meet her once again,
And journey’d forward on my steed.

Then mindful of our rendezvous,
The eighth day, I appeared again;
And bringing, for the wife so true,
A jewell’d cross and golden chain,
I met a rev’rend man of God.
“Where’s Lize?” I ask’d. “There!” “Where,
I plead?”
“Just there!” and pointed with his rod.
“Oh where?” I cried. “Beneath the sod
Now trampled by your fretful steed!”

POPULAR SONGS.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I.

A little nimble bird, if I could be,
A pair of wings if I could have to fly,
Above yon garden, where I know that she
So loves to work, or mid the flow'rs to lie;
Then would I fly around, but ne'er away.
Among the trees, I'd fly all night and day.

II.

Despise me not because I am so very small.
'Tis true, I'm very small, but, then, I'm full of love.
See you wee Jassamine that peeps from out the wall,
What fragrance, sends it forth, around, below,
above !
And see yon little speck—yon little twinkling star.
Though very small it be, how bright up there afar !
And see this little flow'r—this very tiny rose—
What perfume in its breath; how gracefully it grows !

III.

Alas, how long have I been left alone,
So widow-like, to sigh and weep and groan !
Oh cruel heart, to wander off so far,
And leave me, thus, without a guiding star !
Oh cruel sea that carried thee away !
Oh faithful heart that hath come back to-day !
And since thou hast come back more fond of me,
I will, for bringing thee, now bless the sea.
And for the kiss, the smile, the pleasant nod
Thou givest now to me, will I bless God !

IV.

Dear Bird, if thou, whilst o'er the mountain flying,
Should'st see my love, oh, bid him to me hasten !
Tell him that here, upon these hills, I'm crying,
Like some lost lamb that cruel winds would chasten.
Tell him that here I sit alone, benighted,
Like some fair tree, whose top, the storm has
blighted.
Tell him I'm here, bereft of friend and lover—
A tender plant, with no protecting cover.
Tell him that here I stand, by all forsaken—
A blade of grass by every zephyr shaken.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOIS ROBERT.

Her form almost conceal'd beneath the wave,
She raised her naked arms, her brow to lave;
My eyes the living marble haply spied.
And oh, to test its warmth, I long'd, I sigh'd.
The sprightly Zephyrs, in a merry mood,
Her tresses bore along the silv'ry flood;
They kissed her neck, they kissed her cheeks whose
hues
Gay Nature when she paints, but seldom woos—
A neck and cheeks that ungainsaid might claim
To put the fairest flowers of Spring to shame.
With fingers rosy as Aurora plies,
The moisture dashing from her fretted eyes,
She now reveal'd—as ne'er reveal'd before—
Those two resplendent suns, which to adore,

I dropp'd my eyes—alas my feeble sight
Could not endure such dazzling floods of light—
But in one living form I'd seen achieved
A work whose beauty I had ne'er conceived.
And how, her coral lips, shall I extol?
Oh how express the rapture of my soul,
When, to the charms which bade me so rejoice,
She added, now, the music of her voice?

TO THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

ON HIS RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE.

I much rejoice, my lord, to know
 Of your return from Allemagne,
From sickness, too, that laid you low
 While winding up your last campaign—
A sickness giving hope to Spain
That Heav'n, at last would show its grace
By cutting short your fearful race,
 And that undoubted valor stay,
Which boastful Spain so dreads to face.
 But, Seignior, let me know, I pray,
Does Death who, on the battle fields—
 Midst cries and terrible alarms,
Midst flames and swords and spears and shields,

The noise and rage of clashing arms—
Appears for you to have some charms,
As oft I fancied heretofore,
On seeing you in garb of war,
Does he appear the same, I pray,
When leisurely he takes his way
To one too sick to raise his head?
And has he not an ugly grin,
When, cold and stiff, he saunters in
To take a man from out his bed?

POWER AND PERSEVERANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILIPPE QUINAULT. BORN 1635.

There's no resistance howe'er great,
Against which time cannot prevail ;
And constant effort, soon or late,
To come off conq'ror, cannot fail.
The work is great, and small the cost,
Where resolution's never lost.
By beating 'gainst whate'er may stop,
The stream will work an even floor.
The water, falling drop by drop,
The hardest rock, at length, will bore.

TO SPRING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DE'ROSSI.

Oh friendly, friendly Spring !
To hosts of joys thou givest wing --
Joys only for a day to reign ; .
But every year they come again.
In all thy beauty and as gay,
Was, too, the fleeting April day
Of my departed, youthful years.
Oh God ! That day ne'er reappears !

AIR CASTLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COLLIN D'HARLEVILLE.

To build Air Castles is the trade of all.
They're built in every city, wood and glade.
In sleep they're built; they're built when wide awake.
The peasant, leaning on his spade or rake,
Will think himself the Seignior of his town.
The old man, heedless of his whiten'd crown,
Makes up his mind, some beauteous maid to woo,
And inward smiles. So smiles his nephew, too,
In thinking, soon, to heir the good man's gold.
Yon dame, a Sultan's heart, will, e'er long, hold.
That clerk 's a premier; priests are bishops, all;
And bishops—There 's no soldier, short or tall,
Who does not think he'll lead the hosts of France.
To wealth, the poor man will, in dreams, advance.

While each becomes just what he was before,
Yet each, at least, was happy, if no more.
A pleasant dream is not a trifling thing :
To sorrows real, a happy truce 'twill bring,
'Tis what we each oft need. With ills all 'round,
We should, at last, despondently sink down,
Did not this madness course thus through our veins.
Oh sweet delusion ! Soother of our pains !
Oh, who can tell the happiness thou'st made !
Less are the joys which Hope and Sleep parade.
Delicious error ! Giving in advance,
What is to Hope mere promise and perchance.
Sweet Sleep suspends alone our many ills ;
Thou flood'st with joy each place that sorrow fills !
In dreams, forsooth, we're happiest all, by far ;
And thinking to be happy, happy are.

True, one may flatter e'en himself too much.
The lott'ry lately gives an instance such :
My ticket might have been right good withal ;
That is not certain. Certain ? Not at all ;
But, notwithstanding, possible enough ;
'Twas giv'n me, too, with gracious smiles and snuff ;

And then they said : " Here, take it ; 'tis the best ! " . . .
Ah, now, said I, if with the prize I'm blest,
What luck ! A Seigniory, at once, I'll buy !
No, no ; a fine, rich farm I'd rather try.
Yes, hereabouts ; for here I'd love to dwell ;
And then, besides, I like Justine right well.
Yes, I'll have servants also, in my turn.
In ord'ring, true, I've not had much concern,
But I shall not be hard ; oh, no, nor proud ;
I'll bear in mind, I'm from the common crowd.
Indeed, I love, e'en now, my farm so fair.

Great farmer I ! My yard, I'll take good care
To stock with hens and turkeys ; yes indeed !
With my own hands, I'll claim the fowls to feed.
Oh what a charming view ! and furthermore,
What joy, at eve, when seated at my door,
To see return my many well-fleeced sheep,
My horses strong, my heifers fat and sleek.
My little Victor, too, on donkey's back,
So proudly marching on the cattle's track.
I'll be more happy than any king !
So rich ! With open hands, my alms I'll fling.

When I pass by, the folks will whisper low :
“ There’s good Sir Victor.” That will touch me so.
I may mistake, but reason, still, have I.
My project has somewhat whereon to lie.
I’ll at this ticket take a peep, for—Zounds !
What ! Where is it now ? Gone ! Blood and Ounds !
’Twas, but two minutes since, within my grip !
When could the thing have given me the slip ?
Ah ! Have I lost it ? No ; it cannot be !
Lost it ! I’m ruin’d quite ! Yes ; lost, I see !
What shall I do ? ’Tis lost ! Ah woe to me !

MEMORANDUM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. M. BODENSTEDT.

That Virtue I have never loved
Which, by the storm, was never proved.
That Wisdom I can ne'er respect
Which daily life doth not reflect.

Without a sword one cannot fight.
Without a pen one cannot write.
He swims the stream, whose limbs are sound,
The cripple flounders and is drown'd.

SESOSTRIS.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF LOUIS XVI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Each man, a guiding Spirit has, they say,
Whose province 'tis to give him strength and light
Throughout life's dark and ever devious way ;
And though this Spirit may be hid from sight,
He will, his presence, oftentimes betray.
And they who search have made 'midst old and
curious things,
Will recollect that times existed when
Good Genii liv'd and even talk'd with men ;
And were kind friends especially to kings.

Near Memphis, and beneath the palms that waved,
Long since, above the banks made sweet and green
By Nile's old god, who kept them daily laved,

Young king Sesostris walk'd, one quiet e'en,
Alone, in order naught might intervene
To make his converse with his guide less free.
“ My friend,” said he, “ to be a king is much,
And of my kingdom, I would worthy be.
What shall I do? ” The angel, with a touch,
Said: “ Come! To yonder lab'rinth be our way;
And there to great Osiris, homage pay;
Then shalt thou learn.”

Anxious his guide to please,
The prince obeys; and in the Court he sees
Two deities of very diff'rent mien:
The one a beauty of most dazzling sheen,
In smiles all wreath'd, of manners most refined,
With playful Loves and Graces hov'ring 'round,
In deepest depths of dear delight all drown'd.
Three worshippers stood some way from her throne,
Dry, pale and trembling—nought but skin and bone.
The king astonish'd, bids his guide confess
Who is this nymph of such rare lovliness,
And who these three of ugliness intense?
His guide, in whisper'd words, replies: “ My prince,
This beauty know you not indeed? Her fame

Is great at Court. There, all for her evince
Profoundest love ; and Pleasure is her name.
These haggard three, who give you so much pain,
March always close behind their sovereign ;
Disgust, Fatigue, Repentance you must call
This trio—Pleasure's horrid offspring all.

Pained by the sight, and by the story grieved,
He turned, and then the other form perceived.
“ My friend, be pleased to let me know,” said he,
“ Yon goddess’ name, whom further off, we see,
And who presents a much less tender mien,
Although whose air, so noble and serene,
Delights me much. Close by her side, appear
A sceptre made of gold, a sword, a sphere,
A balance too ; and in her hands she holds
A scroll, the which she reads, as she unfolds.
Of every ornament, her breast seems free,
Except a shield. A temple made of gold,
Flies open at her voice ; and there I see
Upon its front—Oh wondrous to behold— !
These blazing words : ‘ To Immortality ! ’
And may I enter there ? ”

“ Yes,” said the guide,
“ But chiefly on yourself you must depend,
And obstacles encounter, without end.
This goddess hath no facile, tender side
By which you may approach, her grace to steal.
In Pleasure, though more charms may be descried,
The other will a truer love reveal.
To please this being of immortal birth,
Both mind and heart must be of stirring worth.
Her name is Wisdom ; and this brilliant fane
Just shown to you, to glorious deeds she gives ;
And who lives well, he here forever lives ;
And here may you a dwelling-place obtain.
Then let your choice between the two be made.
True service to them both cannot be paid.”
The prince replied : “ If mine, then, be the choice,
A single moment will I not defer.
I might in either of the twain rejoice :
The first a moment’s bliss could in me stir ;
The second, through me, other’s bliss command.”
The first, then, greeting with a gracious word,
The prince two kisses flung her from his hand,
And on the second all his love conferr’d.

PEOPLE'S SONG.

FROM THE DUTCH OF N. TOLLENS.

All through whose veins flows Neerland's blood,
From foreign mixture free;
Who long for King's and Country's good,
All raise the song as we.
As we, so all with cheery voice
And cheery breast will sing;
As we, so all will e'er rejoice
In Fatherland and King.

Jehovah, on His Heav'nly throne,
Sought 'mid our songs of cheer,
Will, to each glad, each heartfelt tone,
Incline a listening ear.

Caught first from us by Heaven's choirs,
Our songs shall rise more grand,
From angel's tongues and golden lyres,
For King and Fatherland.

Raise, brothers, aye, yet louder raise
The song that Heav'n delights!
He has one virtue less for praise,
Who King and Country slight.
And he both man and brother wrongs—
His heart's an empty thing—
Who silent is mid prayers and songs,
For Fatherland and King.

Our hearts, the sweetest concord keep,
With this our joyful cry;
No notes sink in the breast so deep,
None lift the soul so high.
The varied feelings that belong
To every rank and stand,
Make but one feeling in this song
For King and Fatherland.

Protect, oh, God ! Protect the ground
Whereon we first drew breath—
The spot where we our cradle found,
Where we shall lie in death.
We humbly pray thy Father-hand,
A blessing rich may bring
Upon our cherish'd Fatherland,
Our Fatherland and King.

Protect it, God ! And give its throne
On Truth and Right firm hold ;
Its crown make shine as it hath shone
With virtue more than gold.
Thy succor to his sceptre bring,
Thy guidance to his hand ;
Encourage, God, protect our King,
Our King and Fatherland !

Away with him who, love, would show—
Of twain—for one alone.
For us to love, in weal or woe,
Let Land and King be one !

Hear not his prayer, who does the wrong,
For only one to sing,
But hear the one and common prayer
For Fatherland and King!

Up from this feast, to Heaven's dome,
Our fervent pray'r ascends
For our good King, his house and home,
For us, his subject-friends.
Oh, God, a hearing to us give,
As we before Thee stand,
Oh let our cherish'd King long live,
Long live our Fatherland!

OH GIVE ME A GRAVE.

There's flesh on my bones and blood in each vein ;

A fountain of tears I have ;

My breast is warm and clear my brain,

Though dead and in want of a grave.

I'm wandering here, I'm wandering there,

How weary it is to rove

Mid sun-light's glare,

Mid live men's air,

Yet never share

The precious fare

That nurtures heart and love.

Oh give me a grave ! Oh give me a grave !

For ah ! 'tis weary to rove

A corpse amid life, a corpse that can crave

The food that sustains heart and love.

Oh give me a grave ! Oh give me a grave !

'Tis weary to weep unseen,
And ceaselessly wander,
And silently ponder,
And sigh for what I have been.

Ponder and groan,
Wander alone,
List to the moan
That comes from that wave
That ever will rave ;
That ever will lave
The shores of the dead,
While I mark where I tread,
On the turf or the pave,
What might serve for my grave.

W A R N I N G .

FROM THE SWISS OF JOHANN M. USTEN.

The mouse in the closet runs peeping about,
And spying the trap, longs the bait to take out.
At last, in he slips, and he eats it—ah woe !
He's lost, and he'll peep never more, ah, no, no !

Fly, fly !

Fly, fly !

The tempter is nigh, is nigh !

The fisherman tosses his line in the brook.
The fish spies the worm, and he plays round the
hook ;
He snaps and he nibbles ; he gets it—ah woe !
He's caught, and he'll nibble no more, ah, no, no !

Fly, fly !

Fly, fly !

The tempter is nigh, is nigh !

The bird-catcher spreads out his snare on the ground ;
The finch spies the grain ; longs for what he has
 found ;

Hops nearer and nearer, and eats it—ah woe !
He's caught, and he'll hop never more, ah, no, no !

Fly, fly !

Fly, fly !

The tempter is nigh, is nigh !

Thou laughest and talkest, art gay and so fair ;
Art call'd to and wink'd at, now here and now there ;
Look out dear, before dear, your hands have been
 burn'd,

And think what the fish and the bird have both
 learn'd !

Fly, fly !

Fly, fly !

The tempter is nigh, is nigh !

THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS ANDRIEUX.

A changeful creature man; and these unhappy kings
Who so much evil do, sometimes do clever things.
Not only say I this; but even more I'll do:
An instance cite that to their honor shall accrue.
To wit: a tale concerning Frederic the Great,
Who, though a king, 'mong learn'd men, was of
much weight.
By Austria was he fear'd; with envy view'd by
France;
And who o'er burning towns, the Fine Arts could
advance.

He took a fancy once to build a snug resort
Where, free from all restraint and etiquette of Court,

He could, not simply hunt the stag and eat and drink,
But on the weaknesses of human nature think ;
And after giving to grave thoughts, of time, full
share,
Sup gaily with Mettrie, with D'Argens and Voltaire.

Now, on the very ground where this resort should be
Establish'd, rose the Miller's Mill of Sans-Souci,
Whose owner had been born and taught to labor
there ;
And there to find a home exempt from vexing care.
It mattered not to him wherfrom the wind was sent.
He turn'd the wheel thereto and went to bed content.

Well patronized was he, thanks to his goodly fame,
And to the cheery face that gave the mill its name,
From everywhere, the young and old would take
their way
To Sans-Souci, to make a merry holiday.

Alas ! And is it then a law of this poor world
That neighbor 'gainst his neighbor must in strife be
hurled ?

That thirst of rule and greed of greater stretch of
wings

Must humble miller's grieve, must torment mighty
kings?

The king, on this occasion, proved himself less sage—
He coveted, alas, his neighbor's heritage.

Plans for the king's resort, on paper well exposed,
Show'd that the miller's home had therein been
inclosed.

And that the want thereof would greatly mar the
view,

Curtail the gardens, too, and close the avenue.

And now prepared the royal work to undertake,
The overseer thus to the miller curtly spake:

“We need your mill, my man; so now your price
please tell.”

“My price! I have no price! My mill I will not sell!
You need it, eh! What arrogance! My mill's a thing
Now own'd by me as much as Prussia by the King!”

“Come miller, trifle not, decide! What will you do?”

“What will I do? Not sell of course! So off with
you!”

The overseer took leave, and this refusal bold
In all its snappishness, was to the monarch told ;
Who thinking he, himself, might yet the miller gain,
Him sees and prays and promises ; but all in vain.
The miller will not yield. The King begins to foam.
“ My Sire, I cannot, will not sell to you my home.
Here were my children born ; here did my father die ;
My Potsdam 'tis ; and stubborn though you'll say
 am I,
Are you not sometimes so ? I swear nought shall
 compel
Me, e'er, my father's grave, my children's home to
 sell !
Persist no more, I pray ; in peace here let me dwell.”

But kings can illy brook resistance to their pow'r ;
And Fred'ric's brow with growing wrath began to
 low'r.
“ By Heav'n's ! ” he shriek'd. “ In thy esteem, thy
 mill stands high !
It is my grace alone that prompts me it to buy ;
Could I not seize it without pay ? Master am I ! ”
“ You master of my mill ! ” hiss'd from the miller's
 jaws,
“ Oh yes, if in Berlin there were no judge, no laws ! ”*

The monarch stood abash'd, yet could he not refrain
From showing he was pleas'd that justice marked
his reign.

In fact, he laugh'd, and to his courtiers turning round,
“ My lords,” he said “ we'll have to quit both plan
and ground ;

Sir millér, keep your mill ! I like your brave reply !
Shall a republic, Sir, more justly act than I ? ”

* The foundation of this poem is historical. The words of the miller to the King were : “ JA WENN NUR DAS KAMMERGERICHT NICHT WÄRE ! ” The heirs of the miller of Sans-Souci becoming involved in debt, offered to sell it to Frederick William III. The King paid their debts without accepting the offer. Subsequently the mill having been destroyed by fire, the King rebuilt this historical monument of the justice of Frederick the Great. It should be remarked that the name of Sans-Souci was given to this famous place by the king, and not by the miller or his neighbors.

H O P E .

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How often they come, and with what charming
grace,
The dreams of the days that are nearing !
How warmly we welcome the sweet resting place
Out there in the future appearing !
One moment we're up, and the next we are down ;
No matter, the Future for us has a crown.

Hope calls us and leads us and ever assures ;
On wings to the infant she hurries ;
The boy she entices ; the man she allures ;
And her, the old grey-beard ne'er buries.
For e'en though the grave must, at last, be his fate,
He's sure that beside it his waking she'll wait.

Oh, Hope's not a simple, a meaningless name,
Within the fool's brains generated :
The heart ever burns, in loud notes to proclaim :
For purposes grand we're created !
Whenever the innermost voice aught repeats,
The soul in its longings, that voice never cheats.

N O O N .

DESCRIPTIVE OF THAT BURNING HOUR IN INDIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LECONTE DE LISLE.

Now Noon, the Summer's king, comes down upon
the plain,

Arrayed in burning silver torn from heav'n's
attire;

And all is still. The Air for movement strives in
vain,

And Earth o'erspent, lies stifling in her robe of fire.

Without a shadow, fields on fields stretch far away.

And where the flocks once drank, the stream no
longer flows,

And yonder forest, with its line of sombre grey,
Leans motionless against the sky in deep repose.

The fields of ripen'd grain, alone, like seas of gold,
Display themselves, and with disdain all slumber
shun :
Long suff'ring, quiet children of the earth from old,
They fearlessly exhaust the goblet of the Sun.

Sometimes—as if it were a sigh replete with woe,
Forced by the burning rays that on their heads
descend—
A slow, majestic undulation seems to show
Unrest, 'tis true ; but on it moves, itself to spend.

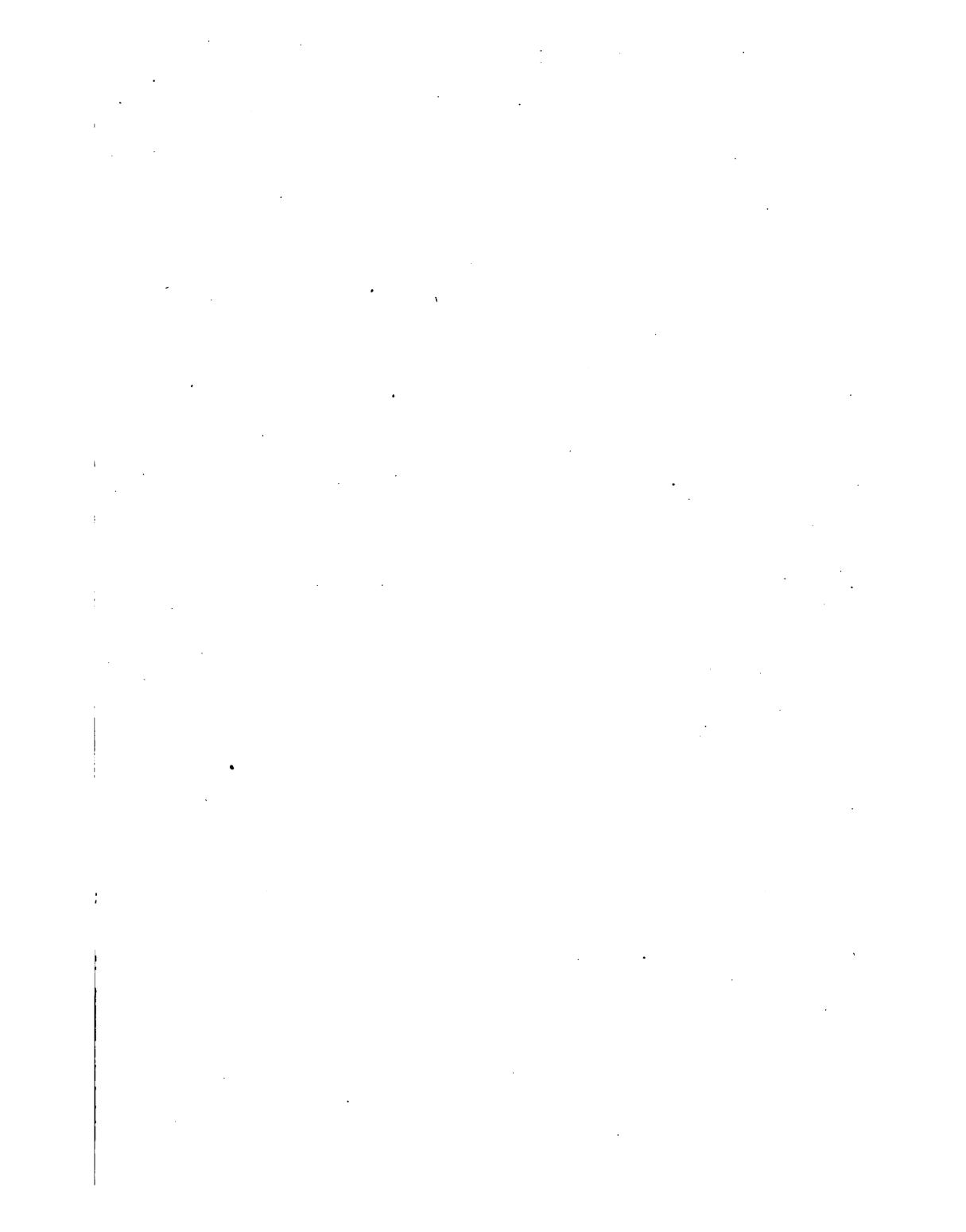
And here, close by, the cattle crouched upon the
ground,
Themselves 'gainst small intruders quietly defend ;
Maintaining with a look, so languid and profound,
The lazy rumination which ne'er finds an end.

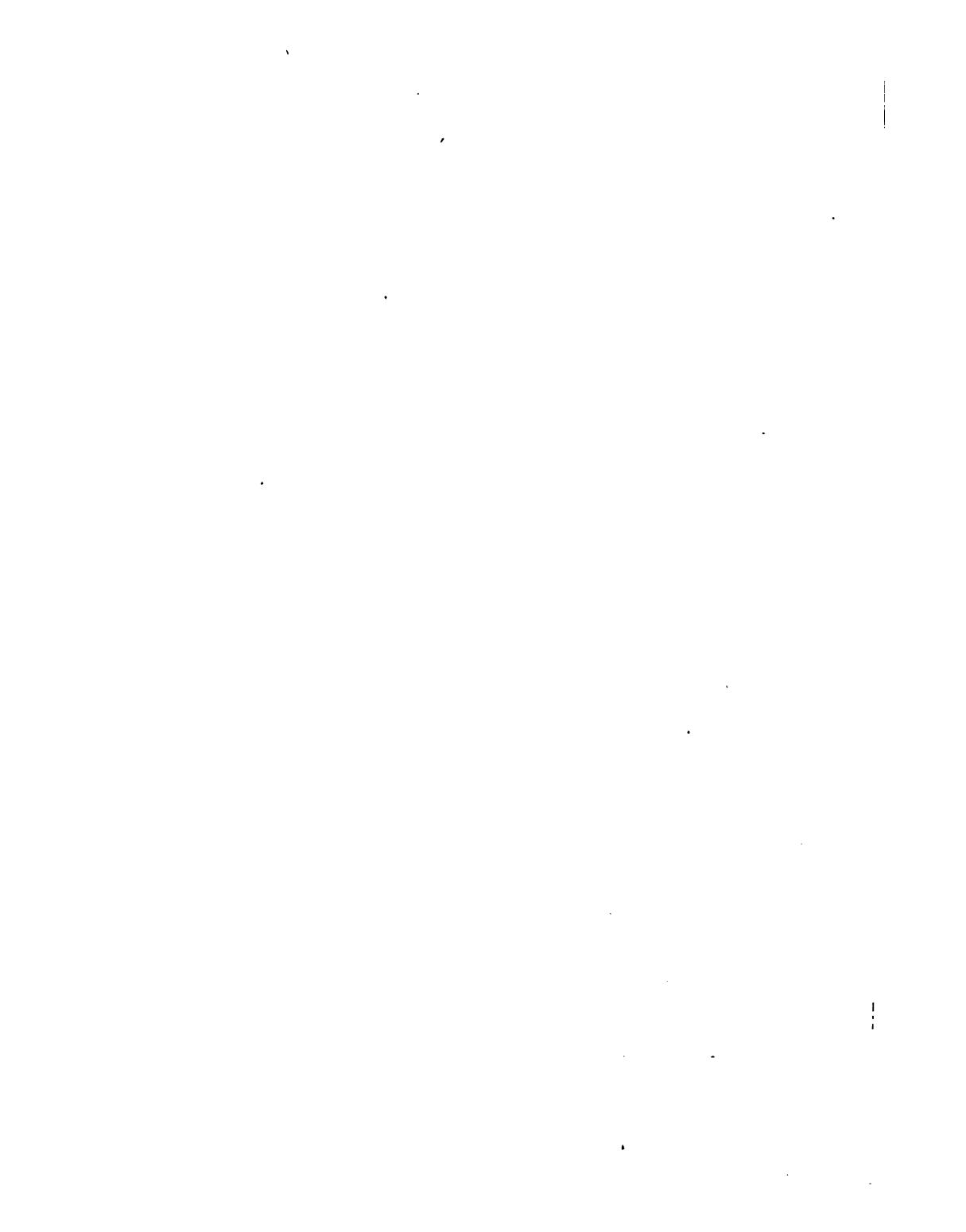
Oh man ! If with a heart o'ercharg'd with joy or
gloom,
Thou comest here, at noon, amid these fields all
sere,

Begone! All Nature's void. The sun shines only
to consume;
There's nothing living here; nothing to grieve or
cheer.

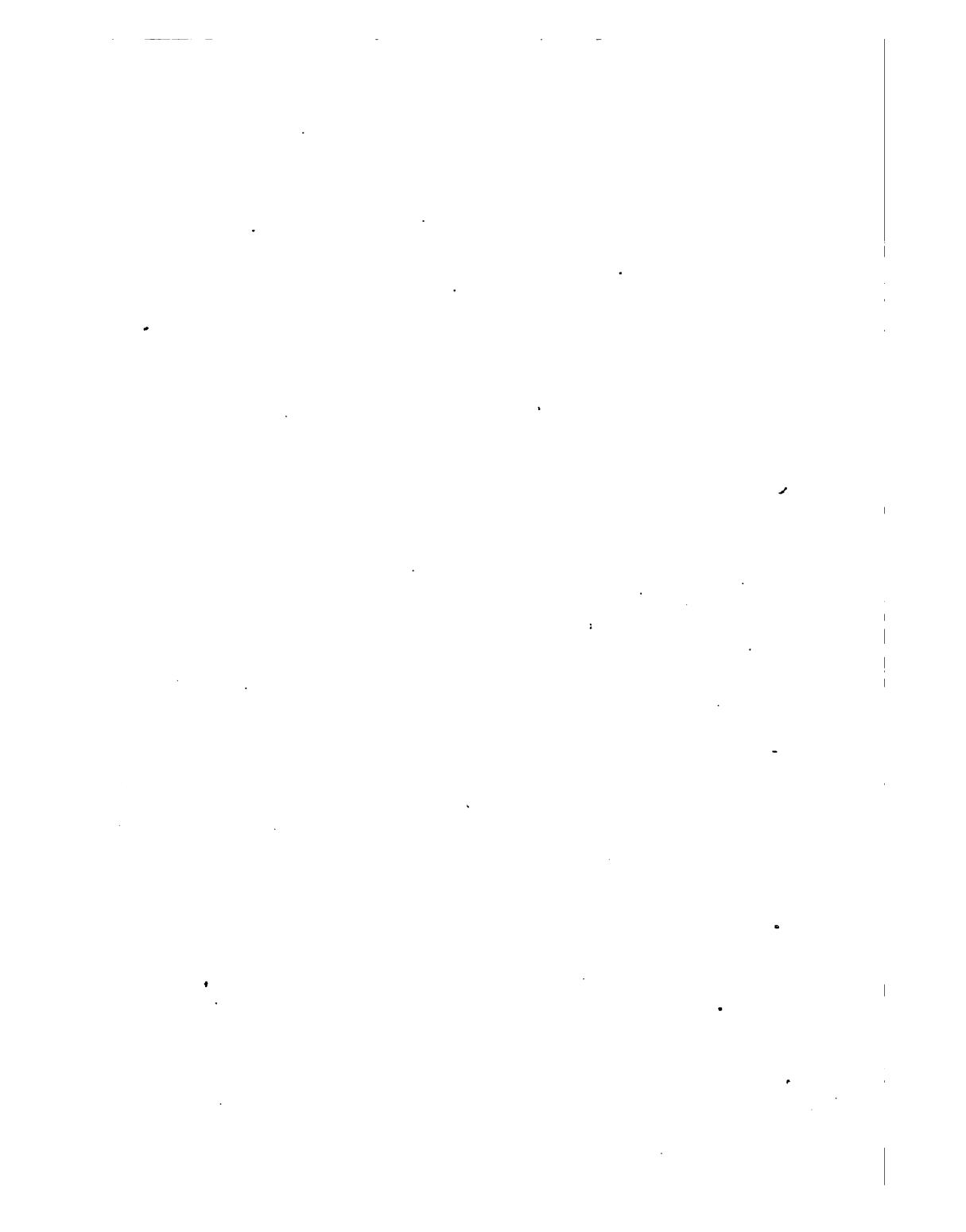
But if thou, undeceiv'd as to her tears or mirth,
Art anxious to forget this World so toss'd, so mad,
And wishest, finding nought, of curse, or pardon,
 worth,
To taste a luxury supreme, intensely sad,

Then come! To thee this Sun shall speak in lights
 sublime,
Thee wholly in its sateless flame absorb, refine,
Then send in meditation deep, 'mid haunts of crime,
 A soul steep'd seven times in ecstasy divine.









New Jersey Historical Society.

757 BROAD STREET,

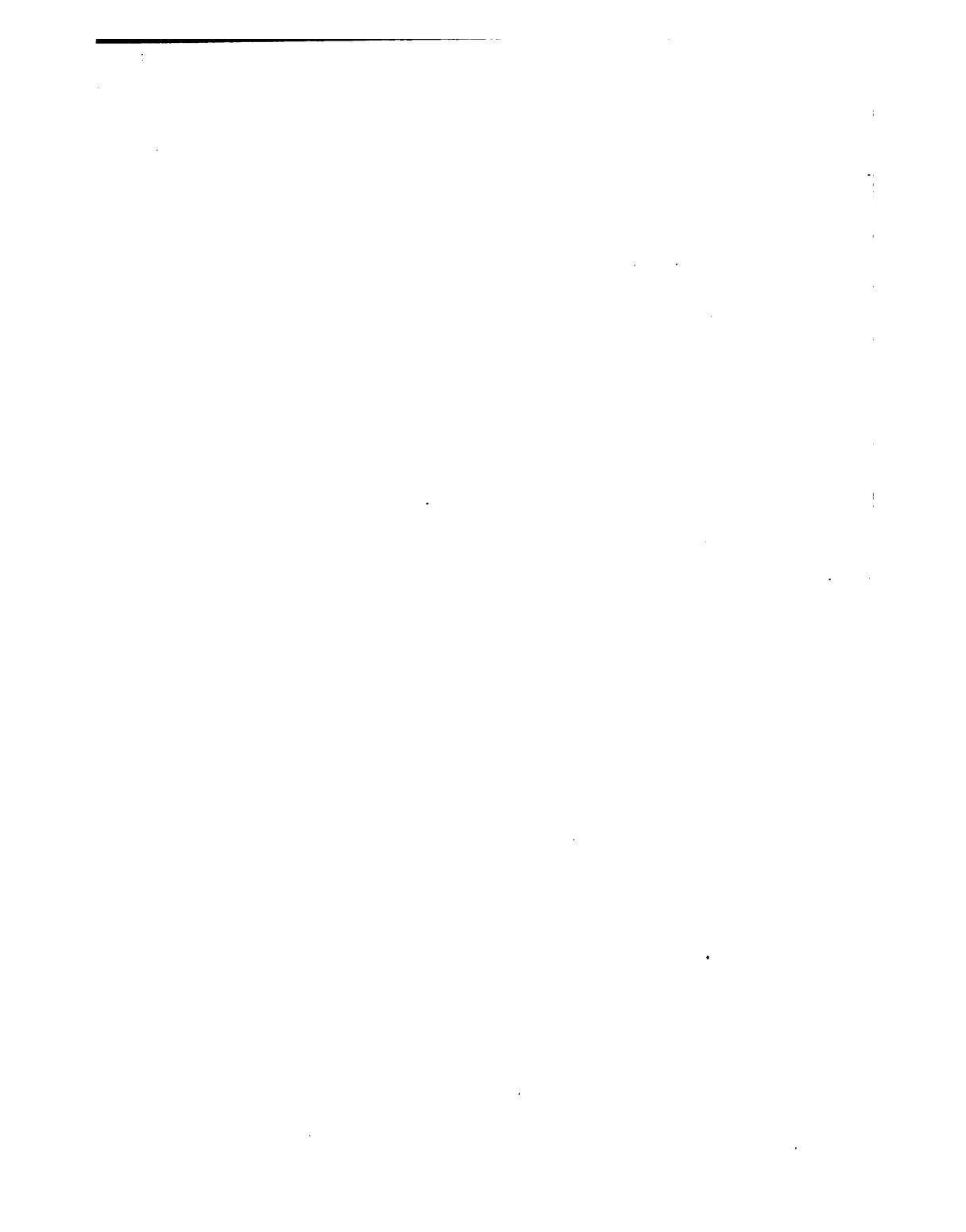
Newark, N. J., June 8th 1885

Hon. Samuel A. Green, M. D.
Dear Sir

I have sent to-day
by express, to your address,
a package of books and pamphlets
for the Massachusetts Historical
Society, including one volume
for yourself.

Hoping that they will reach
you in good condition, I remain

Very truly yours
J. W. Reed



English Songs from Foreign Tongues.

BY FREDERICK W. RICORD.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser, of Nov. 16, 1878.

Though Newark is justly famed for the extent and variety of its mechanical genius, it may also claim some credit for the cultivation of a literary and poetic taste, which is quite remarkable for a city supposed to be wholly absorbed with material enterprise. We are just reminded of this while inspecting the advance sheets of a work entitled "ENGLISH SONGS FROM FOREIGN TONGUES," by Judge F. W. RICORD, who has devoted to it his leisure hours during the four or five years that he has been upon the bench. It consists of translations and imitations of the most celebrated poets who have written in the German, Dutch, French, Italian and Spanish languages, and also contains some songs from the Alemannic, Swiss, Suabian and Austrian dialects. The volume opens with Victor Hugo's much admired "Prayer for All," which, although it has been translated in other languages, we do not remember to have seen before in English. This is followed by N. Beets' touching "Address to a Child," taken from the Low Dutch. Throughout the work we see the names of Metastasio, De' Rossi, Menzini, Petrarch, among the Italian poets; and of Malherbe, Voiture, Florian, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Chenier, Sainte Beuve, Beranger, and others among the French; and of Heine, Chamisso, Mahlmann, Gaudy, Lessing, Gœthe, Schiller, Bodenstedt, and others among the German. Of Heine's poems the translator has selected his most humorous, being his most difficult to render, as, for instance, his "Sir Tannhauser," which, we believe, has never before been attempted in English. The work is printed on heavy tinted paper, and will make a handsome octavo volume of about 200 pages, and ready for the holidays. The number of copies will be comparatively small, and will, doubtless, be taken up almost entirely by Judge RICORD's many friends and well-wishers in this city and vicinity.

From the same of Dec. 24, 1878.

"ENGLISH SONGS FROM FOREIGN TONGUES," Judge RICORD's new literary venture, is just issued from the press, and is just in time for an acceptable holiday gift. It realizes the anticipations expressed in our notice from the early sheets some time ago, being a collection of some of the best lyrics of foreign authors in almost every language. They are rendered into English with rare fidelity, both as to the literal meaning and poetic spirit of the original text, and do great credit to Judge RICORD's scholarship and poetic taste. The typographical execution of the work is excellent.

From the New Jersey Freie Zeitung.

(TRANSLATION.)

The above long expected work of Mr. F. W. RICORD, former Mayor of our City, made its appearance yesterday. It contains translations into English from the works of the most noted German, French, Spanish, Italian and Dutch poets.

Any effort made by our American fellow citizens to translate the poetical productions of other nations deserves full acknowledgment; but such an effort acquires a real value, when, as in the work of Mr. RICORD, the selection of poems to be translated is so excellent, when it is accompanied by a spirit so susceptible of the beauty of the poetry, and when the translation itself is so successful, reproducing all the beauties of the form and thought of the original. It is no easy task to translate the poetry of even a single people into the language of another, but when anyone undertakes to give translations from five or more tongues in one collection, and succeeds as well in the performance of the task as Mr. RICORD, he will certainly receive a joyful greeting. That Mr. RICORD is well qualified for this, our readers have already discovered in the translations that have appeared, from time to time, in the "*Erzähler*."

The present volume contains translations from the German of Chamisso, Mahlmann, Bodenstedt (Mirza Schaffy), Hebel, Uhland, Schiller, Hoffmann Von Fallersleben, Heine, Lessing, Goethe and Buerger. The book is very beautiful in appearance, and does honor to the printer and to the publisher.

From the Newark Daily Journal of Dec. 24, 1878.

Fresh from the artistic press of Mr. L. J. HARDHAM, of this city, and just in time for the holidays, comes a beautiful volume of ENGLISH SONGS FROM FOREIGN TONGUES, by our gifted and scholarly friend and townsman, Judge F. W. RICORD. The work is a collection of chaste and beautiful poems translated by Judge RICORD from five different languages and as many dialects. The languages are German, French, Spanish, Italian and Dutch, and the dialects Suabian, Alemannic, Carinthian, Austrian and Swiss. Our space to-day precludes a more extended notice, but from a hasty glance at the volume before us and from our personal knowledge of the undoubted talents of the author, we unhesitatingly commend his latest literary effort as a credit to him and to New Jersey's growing "Republic of Letters."

From the Newark Morning Register, of Dec. 25, 1878.

Judge RICORD has taken a step aside and dipped into poetry to such purpose that in his new book he introduces us to many beauties that otherwise we had never known. It is not always that a man in active life is able to cultivate languages, still less often that he uses his erudition with such excellent effect. In Judge RICORD's work we find translations—they might better be called interpretations—from the German, Dutch, Suabian, French, Italian, Spanish, and from several dialects. But while the author has in the range of languages drawn upon been exceedingly generous, he has shown the bent of his mind in the selections of the most chaste sentiments only, and with a very few exceptions the material chosen for translation is cold in its purity. Wherever warmth is permitted, it is the genial love of maternity for childhood or love between the sexes almost reduced to Platonism. The subjects also are frequently those that demand stately diction, a draft on the author's ability easily met: but many are of an order that admit of sweeter treatment. What could be more enchanting than the little genre picture from the Alemannic of Hebel. Simple as the original may have been, what could exceed the quiet fervor of that homely prayer?

Of a different character, and evidently in the interpretation much more difficult, is a translation from the German of Schiller. The first verse is an exquisite simile that in

hands less nice might have been a form so crude as to have made one wish it had remained forever in its mother tongue.

The "Song of Mizra Schaffy," from the German of Bodenstedt, is however one of the very few things in the work that we think might better have been omitted.

We get a touch of Ovid in "The Only Fault," from the Dutch of Bellamy; nor is the suggestion unaided by the use of the name Chloris. In fact, the name, the sentiment and the style, with a faint corroboration of memory, induces the belief that Bellamy's lines were themselves a translation.

The interpretations from Beranger, Molliere, Voltaire, La Fontaine, Lessing, Heine, Schiller, Menzini, Metastasio, De' Rossi, Bertola, Petrarch, and others, have two merits —one, that they are evidently excellent translations, in which the soul of the original has been incorporated, and the second, that they are new to American readers.

To sum up, there is so much to praise in the work that to give its "full due," in sea parlance, would seem much like adulation. Judge RICORD set himself an excellent task, and the performance is worthy the work. Not long ago a poet of promise published in a preface to a volume of verses, that he had tried to humor the popular caprice for something funny; therein he became a snob. Judge RICORD has striven in the interest of pure art, and has enhanced art by the purity of labor. With an apology for the inodorous companion, we submit it, leaving the reader to make his own deduction; but as our own verdict we choose to hazard the assertion that few works have come from an American press better entitled to the consideration of the cultivated.

From the Hospital Record, Newark, N. J., January, 1879.

To most of us the language of foreign lands, however rich in products of human thought, are as much concealed as jewels in the mine. It has been the work of Mr. RICORD to cull out some of the finest works of foreign poets, familiar to him, but wholly unknown to us, and to reveal their beauties by setting them in English words. It was a task requiring no common skill, and only to be well done by one whose mind is imbued with the spirit of the various literatures from which they are drawn.

He has gathered his sheaves from many fields. He has furnished specimens of the forms of poetic thought in France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Subbia, Switzerland, Italy and Spain.

Of course we have no ability to criticise the fidelity with which Mr. RICORD has transmuted these thoughts from the form in which they were originally expressed, but we can say that in their new form they retain marked vigor and beauty, and are singularly free from the sense of distortion that so often attends the process of translation.

We have no space for quotations, but we refer to "The Happy Wife," from the Alemannic of J. P. Hebel, "The World's Way," from the Austrian, "To a Child," from the Dutch of N. Beets, and "The Chimney Corner," from the German of Heine, as instances which lead us to believe that they could scarcely be more effective or spirited in the original than in the form in which he has opened them to us. We congratulate him on the opportunity which his varied culture has afforded, to mingle with the sober duties of Sheriff, Mayor and Judge, these more congenial and delicate labors.

From the Essex County Worchenblatt, of January 11, 1879.

(TRANSLATION.)

It is an unusually difficult task to translate the poetry of one people from its original language to the language of another, so that the inlying thought and pervading spirit shall not be lost. Every people has, undoubtedly, in its literature, its own peculiarities which give to it a certain distinctive character, and which a translator can scarcely reproduce.

In the above-named work, which we have carefully examined, are found united in a masterly way the beauties of English poetical writing with those of other lands. The best productions of the most eminent poets of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, &c., have not lost their spirit in these translations into the English language, but are fully preserved, as we can especially testify to in regard to the German poetry. The translator shows in these English versions not only a thorough knowledge of the above-named languages, but also of their different dialects; and it is wonderful how an American can become so well acquainted, for example, with the Suabian and Alemannic dialects as to be able to render clearly their respective peculiarities into the English language.

The selection of poems is excellent, and the entire work is especially calculated to make the American people acquainted with the nobler characteristics of other nations as seen through the poetical effusions of their best poets. Such a work deserves the profoundest acknowledgments, and it must contribute much to modify American sentiment, and to secure here a regard for the eminence of other nations, especially in literature.

From the Beobachter am Passaic, of Dec. 28, 1878.

(TRANSLATION.)

In this handsome volume we find translations from the German and its different dialects, also from the French, Italian, Spanish and Dutch. We presume to give an opinion only in regard to the translations from our mother tongue, and can say that the rendering of the poems of Mirza Schaffy, Heine, and the "Hope" of Schiller is truly masterly.

We recommend this recent publication of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, to all accomplished Germans who desire to see how the pearls of our German poesy appear in a foreign tongue, when this poesy is translated with a proper appreciation of its thought and spirit.

From the Sunday Call, (Newark), of December 29, 1878

Judge FREDERICK W. RICORD, who is well known as one of the most cultured of the citizens of Newark, has just issued a volume of translations from various French, German, Spanish and Italian poets, comprising nearly one hundred short poems. Judge RICORD has long been acknowledged as a pleasing versifier and a consummate linguist. He is no novice in authorship, and in this volume he shows that his literary reputation is well deserved. Scattered through the translations are several original poems which have no distinguishing mark attached to them, and for the knowledge of which we are indebted to a personal friend of the author. Judge RICORD has no cause to be reluctant to put his name to them, as from their spirit and merit they are well worthy of the company in which they appear. Among the original poems are a sonnet, "No Twilight Round Thy Parting Lingers," "Days of Absence.—To Dear May," "To Polly—on Her Birthday," and "To a Coquette." Of these four we like the last best, though on this question tastes may differ.

The major part of these poems are purely lyric in their quality; a few, however, are narrative, and these are vigorous and forcible, and among the best of these is "The Mill of Sans Souci," from the French of Andrieux.

The reader of this volume will notice that the translator has selected many poems from the lesser known poets of the different nationalities. Specimens from Victor Hugo, Beranger, LaFontaine, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Uhland, Voltaire, Moliere and Petrarch are there, but also the names of the following appear: Dutch—Beets, Tollens and Bellamy; French—Voiture, Malherbe, Millevoye, Quinault, Rousseau, Gaudy, Florian, Bois Robert, Andrieux, D'Harleville and DeLisle; German—Von Chamisso, Bodenstedt, Hebel, Von Fallersleben, Mahlmann and Burger; Spanish—Gonzales and Bello; Italian—Metastasio, Bondi, Menzini, Bertola and De' Rossi.

Judge RICORD, notwithstanding his multifarious duties, finds time to indulge his muse, and the result now before us is creditable not only to his ability in execution, but to his taste and judgment in selection.

From the Essex County (N. J.) Press, of Jan. 1, 1879.

Under the above title, Judge FREDERICK W. RICORD, of our Court of Common Pleas, has given us a volume of poems which does himself credit, and is evidence of linguistic acquirements of a high order. He has brought within the reach of our people and the general public many poems, which, but for the muse of our scholarly fellow citizen, would have remained unread, and, to most of us, an unknown tongue. The author has translated selections from the French, Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, Alemannic, Suabian, Carinthian, Austrian and Swiss languages and dialects, in all about one hundred, and interspersed with them a few of his own productions. In his preface the author says, "In the specimens of songs here given it has been the aim of the translator, as far as he could, to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody, and he will be glad if it shall be found that he has succeeded in naturalizing some of the representatives of other lands, and of introducing to favorable notice others of less renown." A reading of the book will satisfy any one capable of judging that the author had in mind continually this purpose clearly defined, and that he succeeded in presenting not a skeleton wired with mechanical correctness, but a living form with soul and sentiment breathing the sweet music of poesy, and awakening in the reader at least some of the aspirations which moved those who gave them birth, but hid them from our minds in the mysteries of strange tongues.

From the American Bookseller, of January, 1879.

A new book of poems is to be brought out in Newark, N. J., by F. W. RICORD, one of the city Associate Judges, and Librarian of the Newark Library Association for many years. His book is called ENGLISH SONGS FROM FOREIGN TONGUES, and consists of smoothly flowing, spirited translations from the French, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, the Suabian, and other dialects. The selections are mostly taken from noted writers, and present a variety of subjects and sentiments. The Newark edition will bear the stamp of M. R. Dennis & Co., but a New York house will also handle it.



English Songs from Foreign Tongues.

BY FREDERICK W. RICORD.

*THE FOLLOWING LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED WITH THE
PERMISSION OF THE WRITERS.*

Cambridge, January 25, 1879.

MR. F. W. RICORD:

My Dear Sir :

I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your handsome volume of "English Songs from Foreign Tongues."

I shall read it with much interest, and, I doubt not, with much gratification, well understanding the delights and difficulties of translation.

It is curious how a poem in a foreign tongue will sometimes haunt us till we give it utterance in our own.

Congratulating you on the appearance of your book, I am, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Amesburg, Mass., 3d mo., 6, 1879.

F. W. RICORD, ESQ.:

Dear Friend :

I have received thy "English Songs from Foreign Tongues," and think the rendering excellent. Many of the poems I had never seen before, though a good portion of them are old favorites.

I heartily thank thee for sending me thy work, and congratulate thee on the success of thy translations.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Boston, Jan. 25th, 1879.

F. W. RICORD, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir:

I am very much obliged to you for sending me your volume of translations from the poets of many nations and languages. I have been much pleased and sometimes amused with those I have read, but I have not had time, in the midst of many distractions, to do justice to what seems to me a conscientious and effective collection of versions. I just now compared the "Baptism of Voltaire" with Beranger's original, and I thought you had caught the spirit of it very happily. I shall keep your book on my table, and read the poems, a few at a time, as a most agreeable diversion from my routine occupations.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Schenectady, Feb. 15, 1879.

MR. F. W. RICORD:

My Dear Sir:

Will you kindly pardon my slowness in acknowledging your pleasant note and the beautiful book which accompanied it, and now accept my thanks.

I was rather ill and suffering at the time, and yet had an untimely accumulation of college work through the illness of a tutor.

I hope that the success of your book will give you thorough satisfaction, and give pleasure to many others.

Very respectfully and truly, Dr. Sir, yours,

ROBERT LOWELL.

(From the author of Songs of Mirza Schaffy.)

63 West 38th St., (New York,)
Novbr. 14th, '79.

F. W. RICORD, ESQ. :

Dear Sir :

Your kind present, just received, has given me the more pleasure as I find your congenial renderings of some of my own poems quite charming. I shall peruse the book with due attention and hope to find an early opportunity to thank you in person.

And believe me

Very sincerely yours,

F. v. BODENSTEDT.

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

From the Boston Transcript of March 12th, 1879.

Judge F. W. Ricord, of Newark, N. J., has brought out through a New York publishing house a quarto volume entitled "English Songs from Foreign Tongues," made up of translations from the French, German, Dutch, Spanish and Italian languages, and several German dialects. As a rule, the work is well and scholarly done, and shows a spirit of appreciation on the part of the author, which cannot be said of all translations or translators.

From the Philadelphia Press of April 3d, 1879.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published an 8vo volume of "English Songs from Foreign Tongues, by Frederick W. Ricord, of Newark, who merits high praise for the variety as well as the execution of his self-imposed task. He gives eighty-nine translations, generally of short poems, from the French, German, Dutch, Italian and Spanish, and also from several dialects—Swabian, Alemannic and Carinthian. Many of these have hitherto not been transfused into our language. A few, we must say, are of such a commonplace character, that they are not worthy of transplantation. Here, from the Dutch, is a little bit

which might have been written by Prior or Gay early in the last century :

THE ONLY FAULT.

Nature, on my Chloris lavish,
Gave her what must hearts e'er ravish ;
Gave a form of grace transcendent ;
Eyes of brilliancy resplendent ;
Cheeks where rose and lily blended,
And, what these the more commended,
Gave her, too, a charming spirit,
Adding—which was no small merit—
Talent deftly to expose it ;
But, alas ! my Chloris knows it.

The translations from Voltaire and Beranger may be mentioned as spiritedly accurate.

From the New York Times of April 6th, 1879.

“English Songs from Foreign Tongues.” Charles Scribner’s Sons. Frederick W. Ricord is as expert in tongues as Longfellow. French, German, Swiss, Italian, Spanish and Dutch poets contribute to his volume of extracts. The lines are not always of the smoothest, but the translations are faithful and the selections good.

From the Congregationalist of Boston, Mass.

We have read with interest the recent volume by Frederick W. Ricord entitled “English Songs from Foreign Tongues,” a book of translations from foreign poets. We have none of the originals at hand, and cannot vouch for the accuracy of these verses as translations, but in themselves they have decided merit. They are rendered from most of the chief Continental tongues, and from a few of the minor ones, such as the Swabian. The translator seems to have the instinct of a poet, and the result of his labors more than justifies his undertaking. His renderings are both vigorous and graceful, some of them possessing unusual delicacy of expression.



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